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GREEN LEAVES COME AGAIN.

When the green leaves come again,
When the sky is blue and clear,
When in every nook and glen
Fair pale primrose tufts appear;
When the moss is softly spread
Underneath the beechen tree,
And within its mossy bed
Sings the streamlet merrily;
When bright Spring, with lavish hand
Scattering gifts, begins her reign,
Ah! we'll be happy then, love,
When the green leaves come again.

When the green leaves come again;
Strange the words sound of my song,
When the rain beats on the pane,
And the fierce wind sweeps along:
In the darkening room alone
On the leaden sky I gaze,
While my thoughts afar have flown
To the scenes of other days
Wildly, wildly moans the wind,
Sadly, sadly falls the rain,
But we'll be happy yet, love,
When the green leaves come again.

Hence, then, sighs and sad repinings,
Come sweet sunshine after rain;
Show, O clouds, your silver linings,
Quick, ye green leaves, burst again:
Aid, fair winds, the vessel sailing
Homeward o'er the distant sea;
Let not time nor tide be failing,
Bring the absent back to me.
To the joy that Spring can bring,
Weighs as naught the Winter pain;
Silent birds break out and sing,
When the green leaves come again.

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, The Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Harcourt Eliot had appointed a meeting with Floye Egerton, a young girl to whom he was secretly married. He came to the rendezvous with the intention of persuading her, in some way, to consent to a dissolution of the marriage tie. Floye arrived, after a little delay, and told him of the utter failure of her father, who had been reputed very wealthy. At this, Harcourt was more than ever indignant, and in plain and unmistakable terms told Floye that henceforth their paths in life must be separate; that as no one save themselves were aware of their marriage, it could very easily be concealed forever, and that they both might be at liberty to marry again, if they desired. Floye refused, and declared that her place was with her husband and her child, whom her husband had been taking care of. After a very stormy interview, he broke away from her, and rushed towards the river, intending to cross by the ferry; but no one being there, on his return he was again met by Floye, who seized hold of him, declaring, "I must go to my child!"

Rendered desperate, and seeing the only way to escape her was to plunge into the river and swim across, he violently thrust her aside; but hardly was he in the water, when she again clutched at his collar. By a superhuman effort he flung her off into the river, and struck out for the opposite shore, which he reached, having a stifled shriek and a low, gurgling cry in his ears like a death knell, and a shout of a man's voice from the spot where he had left Floye sinking.

Harcourt made his way to the nearest railroad station, and got on the cars just in time to escape a young man, Reginald Ringwood, who had happened to be near the river at the time, and hearing the cry of the woman, had "dashed her dead body out of the water, and left her body at the boathouse," while he himself went off in pursuit of the supposed murderer.

Harcourt, a few days after, was seen on the Cornish coast, depositing Floye's and his baby in the porch of a pretty rustic cottage, and after thus delivering it over to the tender mercies of strangers, steals away unnoticed.

Lao, a proud, scornful beauty, and youthful as beautiful, was the woman whom Harcourt was so anxious to marry, and for whose sake he had committed the crime just mentioned. She had received information that he had become sole legatee to a noble property, of which he himself is as yet unaware, and she is eager to secure him for this reason. She, however, was in the same predicament as Harcourt had been, that is, she was already married, and it was necessary to get rid in some way of her husband. At an interview with him, while he is engaged in some chemical analysis, she proposed, as Harcourt had done to his wife, that they should separate, and be as if they had never been married, the union having been a secret one and unknown to any other parties. Her husband, Clare, refused to listen to any such proposition, reproached her for her want of love for their little boy, Vivian, whom he has been taking care of, and declared that he shall insist on openly claiming her as his wife, and giving her a home, in which she must join them. She declared that sooner than comply she would take her life with a lancet which she picked up from off the table beside her. He implored her to put it down, as its point was envenomed with the deadliest of poisons, and that the slightest puncture of the skin would produce certain death. Lao put it down, pretended to wish to reconsider her decision, and after a time was about to leave him, when he put his arms round her to embrace her. She, in the act, scratched him on the neck with the lancet, of which she had again taken possession. At the first he thought she had only scratched him, but in a minute or so the deadly poison took effect, and as Lao darted out of the room, she heard a heavy fall upon the ground. She crawled back in a few minutes, saw his body lying motionless, took the lancet and put it beside him, so as to give the appearance of suicide, and rushed out of the room, half maddened and dazed by her emotions.

She passed a fearful night of horror, and toward morning, in order to secure forgetfulness, if not sleep, she took a large dose of morphia, an overdose, as it turned out, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the doctor was able to bring her to her senses. The next morning, at daylight, she went to Kensington Gardens to keep an appointment she had made herself. After waiting some time, she suddenly started and felt as if she would become stone, when the form of a man sprung, as it were, from behind a tree and confronted her. For a moment she thought that it might be an officer of justice about to charge her with murder!

CHAPTER IV—[CONTINUED.]

Another moment a hand was laid upon her wrist, and a voice murmured;

"So you have kept the appointment, Lao."

She could have screamed for joy, yet she made no betrayal of excitement, but she turned her resplendent eyes upon the individual who had so abruptly broken in upon her, and gazing upon him with a look of well simulated tenderness, she said, in her most alluring tones:

"Harcourt, you have gallantly kept faith with me——"

She paused abruptly, and in a voice of genuine surprise, exclaimed:

"In the name of wonder, what has happened? How changed you look! How fearfully ill you seem!"

A flush of the deepest scarlet made his face look as if he had just come off a yachting tour after a month's drift beneath a blazing sun on a sea of glass. Never did man look more horribly disconcerted; then his face became pallid to ghastliness, and he laughed, vacantly.

"Nothing has happened," he answered, struggling with his embarrassment. "What could have happened, but that I am overcome with the prospects of happiness before me in having you, such a beautiful, wealthy creature to call my own—at least, shall shortly?"

"Is that true—really—really true?" she asked, looking up with feigned fondness into his unquestionably haggard face.

"True—true as death." She started, and he added, humbly: "Pardon my vulgar idiom—I meant to say as true as truth itself; as true as you will find me ever to be to you—ever."

"Ever?"

"Ever! But, Lao, my queen, what have you been up to? You do not look over bright. You, too, look as if you had had an awful attack."

"Oh, yes," she responded, hastily. "I have been foolish, suffered with a fearful attack of headache, overdosed myself with morphine; but I am well now. To be with you, Harcourt, has already greatly benefited me."

"Flattered and happy and all that. Only too pleased to devote my life to you," he responded, like one speaking at random, or rather as though his brain was more than possessed with some other object.

"I shall prove you," she rejoined, with an expression on her features which also spoke of some mental pre-occupation. "I am about to take a step which I fear is very wrong—nay, I am sure it is."

"Marriage will smooth away all such difficulties."

"I am about to trust to you my life and happiness, all I am worth in the world," she murmured, craftily. "If you should deceive me, it would destroy me."

"I am going to do the very same thing, my Lao," he returned, with a short, husky cough. "I am devilish poor now, but one day, when I come into my property, I will lavish it all on you."

"Will you really and truly?" she asked, with the semblance of gratified affection, which almost threw him off his equilibrium.

"Won't I!" he ejaculated with affected fervor. "You wait until I come into it. Then, my Lao, you shall see."

She mused for a moment, and drew figures with the ferrule of her *petite* umbrella.

"Are you really one of the Eliots of Warwickshire?"

"My father is chief of the family—a very old one, Lao. The castle and lands have come down to us from the twelfth century. I deeply offended the old gentleman when a mere boy, and he has never forgiven me, and never will, I suppose, but he cannot keep me out of the property."

"You have an aunt named Dame Barbara Legh, of Cheshire, I think," she pursued, still apparently musing rather than interrogating him.

He shut both his eyes and spread out his hands, exclaiming with fervor:

"Fabulously wealthy, enormous estates, more than a million in cash, and all has been put down to me, if she does not alter her mind."

She looked up quickly and searchingly at him. Affecting a playful smile, she said!

"And if I throw myself away on you, you will really endow me with all this wondrous wealth?"

"When I get it," he responded, with a gulp. "Ah, yes, dearest Lao, when I become Crœsus you shall be Lady Crœsus too."

She drew a breath, her brain ached, and a tingling ran through her flesh, while the blood leaped in her veins.

"I am desperate now," she thought, with grating teeth. "I despise him, see his emptiness. "Yet I am the sport of fate. I cannot recede if I would."

She gave him her hand.

"I will dare all with you; take me," she added, with the air of one who, having considered consequences, was calmly resigned to her fate. "You have made all the arrangements, I suppose, as I have planned them?"

"I have," he answered, huskily; "we shall have plenty of time to get to the church if we start now. To-morrow the money, I am assured, will be ready."

"Of course it will," she interposed; "is it not my own?"

"With that secure in my possession, I will meet you at the railway terminus, and we will cross over to the continent by the night train."

It seemed as if neither was disposed or had the power to speak further. They emerged arm in arm, she thickly veiled from the exit gate in Kensington road, and he hailed a passing close cab. At Piccadilly they alighted and separated; yet by different routes they entered within a few minutes of each other the parish church.

Together with blanched features they stood before the altar, and went through the terrible mockery of being united in the bonds of holy wedlock to each other. They separated immediately the ceremony concluded at the church door.

The next night, with stormy wind and driving rain, they stood upon the deck of a steamer, ploughing its course through angry waves on its rapid way to Ostend.

She clung tightly to him in the darkness, as if claiming to be sustained and protected, and he folded his arms, it appeared, lovingly about her quivering form, and drew her closer to his breast, as though in answer to her mute appeal.

Yet neither thought of the other.

His seeing was filled by a pale face, curtained by long, streaming hair, floating in dark, racing, rippling water; and his hearing was full of a despairing cry which made his heart sink down in his body as though it were a lump of iron.

Her vision was distracted by a pair of glaring eyes fastened upon her with a stony stare, but hurling at her reproaches, which made her cheeks even now, as they nestled on her companion's breast, burn and tingle with shame.

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He turned very white as she made the revelation, staggered, and sank upon a chair as if he were falling into a fit. He wiped the drops of ice-cold perspiration from his brow.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT IS TO BE WILL BE.

Providence has its own way of directing mundane affairs; the apparently impossible often happens, and that which seems a moral certainty does not come to pass at all.

Rock Egerton, the banker of Wimborne, was considered to be as wealthy as the richest duke in the kingdom, and his bank as stable as the Bank of England itself. Any man in the country would as soon have suspected the mint of impecuniosity as Egerton of Wimborne, or St. Alban's Head to suddenly crumble to dust as the Old Bank of Wimborne being unable to pay a thousand shillings in the pound. As he had but "one fair daughter and no more," it was settled that she would marry a marquis at least, and live in great state.

Her personal attractions entitled her to become a very good match, but an enormous dower at the back of them made the prospects of a suitor of the "commoner" grade very small indeed.

Rock Egerton in his secret heart thought so too. Inflated with purse pride he made up his mind that she should enter a noble house as a bride, and he turned his face against several proposals for her hand, which even in the position he believed himself to occupy would have been eligible; and when he found her cold to all who attempted to pay her more than ordinary attention, and averse from the prospects of marriage with any of the gentry around, he did not even simulate approval of the offers which were made, and apparently left her to follow the bent of her own mind in the matter, although he had formed a determination that she should marry no one who had not a title to offer her.

In his secret efforts to make his design sure, he had sent her away from home when just emerging from girlhood into womanhood—nay, while yet a mere girl—to the residence of a maiden sister of his wife's, because of the importunity of a young fellow of good family, the only son of a country gentleman of competent fortune, who dwelt on an adjoining estate.

Reginald Ringwood was good-looking and well formed, but had only country manners, and was devoted to field sports. He was rather brusque, and like men who spend the best parts of their lives in stable and field, somewhat unpolished and abrupt. He was energetic and pushing, too, and he would have carried off Florence Egerton by a *coup de main* if her father had not interfered. Florence had never been sought by a lover before, and being of a gentle nature would have fallen into his mouth like a ripe plum. Mr. Egerton perceived this, and he sent her away at once to her Aunt Maresfield's without permitting any one, especially Reginald Ringwood, to know what had become of her. To make assurance doubly sure, he did not permit her to return to her home for at least a year and a half. Then he expected to see her return to him a splendid young woman, fitted to adorn the castle home of a noble earl, at least. She came back, but her appearance rather shocked him, and gave a severe blow to his anticipation, for though she had fulfilled all the promises of her childhood, and was a lovely creature, she was strangely delicate in health and listless in spirit.

Still, on reflection, he did not see that her refined looks told against her chances of admission into high society; in fact, he was not sure that it did not improve them, and he went on looking for a lordly suitor.

He little dreamed that she had returned to him a young wife and mother. If he had, in all probability insanity would have spared him the additional horror of learning that he had been beggared by the man whom he had most trusted.

During that year and a half Florence had met and secretly married Harcourt Eliot, and had brought into the world the little baby girl of which he had taken charge.

Thus, in all respects, probabilities were utterly put to flight, and we renew the thread of the story with affairs entirely the reverse of what they had been arranged by those who had reasoned on them by analogy, and who were now busily occupied in exclaiming, while discussing the unhappy events:

"I told you so!" "Didn't I say so?" "Ah, I knew all along how it would be."

When Harcourt brutally thrust Floye from him in the cold, sweeping, pitiless waters, she lost her footing, and was borne, not, as he thought, by the racing current into eternity, but against the partly submerged branches of a huge limb of a tree overhanging the water, and which had been struck off by lightning some long time before. It was worth nothing to remove, was not in the way, and was left where it had fallen to take root if it would.

The natural instincts which a love of life force into action in moments of danger induced poor Floye to cling to this unlooked-for friend in her desperate strait, though she remained powerless to call for help, being on the verge of swooning, yet she held on to the branch with a kind of death grip.

Fortunately, a boy left at the boathouse to bring some things away to the ferryman's residence, had, unseen himself, beheld the struggle between Floye and Harcourt, and while he was staring with widespread eyes and open mouth, aghast and paralyzed, a horseman rode up. Then the boy roused himself, and with frantic excitement yelled and pointed out Floye, almost submerged, to him. It was but a few minutes' work to the strong young man to leap from his horse, wade into the river, and rescue her from her dangerous position.

But her eyes were closed, her lips were wide apart, and she hung motionless upon his shoulder, to all appearance dead.

He believed she was so as he laid her gently down in the boathouse, and he thought, with gnashing teeth and tightened hands, of her supposed murderer. He despatched the boy, urging him to use his greatest speed, to the ferryman's house for aid; while he, as we know, swam his horse across the river in pursuit of the criminal.

The boy, through the beneficence of heaven, as he reached the high road at no great distance from the ferryhouse, came suddenly upon a doctor who had a pretty active practice, extending for some miles round. He was driving a fast horse in a light trap; but he pulled up short when he heard the boy yelling, and saw him tossing his arms, and dancing wildly, as if engaged in scaring a cloud of starving rooks from a field of over-ripe grain.

A few incoherent expressions caused him to jump out of his vehicle and took him to the side of Floye.

She was just returning to consciousness, and the application of restoratives, which he always carried with him for sudden cases, enabled him to raise her to her feet, and support her to his trap, lift her into it, and drive away with her at a gallop; for he recognized her at a glance, she having been for years one of his patients, and he conveyed her direct to his own residence.

A few days' careful tending, and she had got over that brief immersion, which had hurried her to the very confines of death.

Then she learned that her parents had left the old family residence, but instead of proceeding to her Aunt Maresfield's home—a place which would be so full of bitter memories to her—they had been forced to accept, for a time, at least, the friendly hospitality of their neighbor, Mr. Ringwood.

Old Mr. Ringwood, though he at times had chafed at the patronizing treatment he had received occasionally from his neighbor, the banker and millionaire, now deeply commiserated the dreadful position into which he had been forced by the manager and partner's iniquity, and hoped to break the severity of his fall by providing him for a period, which he did not limit himself, with a temporary home but little inferior to the one from which he had been unsparingly thrust.

It was to Ringwood Manor House, therefore, that Dr. King conducted his restored patient. He had failed to extract from her any explanation of the extraordinary position in which he had found her through the instrumentality of the ferry boy, and when he pressed upon her the boy's statement that he had seen her struggling with a man in the river, she shook her head, and persisted she was the victim of an accident, and asked him to question her no further.

To her mother's terrified and eager questions she was equally impenetrable.

She only said that, depressed by the unhappy events which had fallen on their house, she had wandered in a bewildered way she knew not where, she supposed unconsciously into the river.

But the man of whom the boy had spoken?

She shook her head, and in a half imploring way moaned out that she had nothing more to say—no one to accuse.

The doctor was incredulous; but silent. He was inwardly convinced that there was something to come out, but he was in a position to wait, as in a worldly sense "it was no business of his." The mother, knowing nothing of any "man," and realizing the agony of mind which the awful change in their circumstances had brought with it, saw nothing at all improbable in her daughter's statement.

Except with that dread numbness of heart which some terrible suspicion abruptly formed inflicts, she believed poor Floye, in the depth of her despair, had contemplated suicide.

The father was in too dazed a state to comprehend anything that was passing around him. It was thought discreet not to mention the strange circumstance to him, and, in fact, it mattered but little whether they did or not, for his mind was wholly absorbed in bemoaning, in a senile, selfish way, his own downfall.

The individual who was, however, the most excited, and whose mind was most exercised by the event, was Reginald Ringwood.

After his return across the river, he found that the young lady he had rescued had been restored, and conveyed to the house of Dr. King. Of course he proceeded thither, and learned whom he had saved, not a little to his amazement. Yet more to his surprise he saw next day her parents beneath his father's roof, and a few days subsequently, Floye herself.

To say he loved her still was a poor way to express his feelings towards her. She was a treasure which had been denied to him, and the refusal only made her the more dear. He would not look at any one else, and his mind constantly dwelling upon her, induced him to invest her with charming attributes in excess of what she really possessed.

Now she was beneath the same roof with him, and, poor fellow, his heart tossed and leaped about like an apple in a rippling eddy, because he thought all obstacles to her hand would be removed, and she would be his.

For if she would only consent to be his he would marry her in spite of all the world—nay, a system of worlds—could say. Aye, though poorer than Eve when expelled from Paradise.

He did not intrude upon her even to give her a sincere and heartily friendly, to say nothing of a loving welcome, until more than a week had passed away. Then, accidentally lighting upon her seated in a little ante-room, perfectly abstracted, her eyes fixed on vacancy, and her beautifully formed features expressing a hopeless despondency, which surpasses all description, he paused and addressed her in a few commonplace terms, expressive of his pleasure at seeing her in his father's house and her home.

She started from her reverie, and stared wildly at him, as though she did not recognize him.

A flash of intelligence almost immediately, however, betrayed that she knew him, and a flush of intense scarlet was followed by a deathly paleness. She

bent almost humbly to him, and would have left the room, but he stayed her with a gentle force, and made her resume her seat, while he closed the door as though to prevent interruption.

A frightened expression passed over her features, but she sat motionless, with downcast eyes, expecting him to say what she feared was to come.

He sat down before her, and gazed for a moment without speaking at her pale face, which might well now have been taken for that of a victim of consumption, and a pang went through his heart.

"If I had the ordering of things," he thought, "she should have never had, nor should have a care or sorrow to grieve her soul."

And a deep sigh escaped him, for he knew in that respect how powerless he was.

The sigh was audible enough for her to catch it, and its tone was such as she could easily interpret. Genuine kindness in moments of deep trouble is appreciated with tenfold force. She could not forbear raising her eyes to his thankfully, even gratefully, and, as he caught their expression, his heart went up with a bound to his throat.

"Floye," he said, at once, with a little dryness of tongue; "I must call you Floye. You know when we were boy and girl I always called you Floye, and you called me Regy; and you will call me Regy, still, eh?"

She compressed her hands tightly, and her heart was full, very full, but she did not utter a word.

He went on after a momentary pause:

"It was a strange, a happy thing," he said, working his hands rather nervously about one over the other, "that I should have been passing the ferry at that moment, the very nick of time, when you were all but gone. Ah! but for young Jack of the ferry it would have been all over with you, and when I came to know it I should have been the most miserable fellow breathing. As it was, I thought you were dead, or I should not have left you, though I did not recognize you. *I* not to recognize *you!* Yet it was such a fearful night, and I was in such a fluster to catch the scoundrel who tried to drown you."

He watched her closely as he said this, and perceived a shiver run through her frame; but she remained silent, and kept her eyes firmly downcast.

"I am told," he went on to say, "that your account is that you got into the river by accident; but that don't square with what I know, Floye!"

She looked up at him instantly, quickly and eagerly, but let her eyelids fall again beneath his direct gaze.

"At first I suspected that the rascal was a tramping thief who tried to rob you," he added, slowly; "but when I got on to his track I found that could not be, for he was dressed like a gentleman of an aristocratic cut, with a primrose moustache, long whiskers, and all that sort of thing—eh, Floye?"

"You saw him!" she exclaimed, with a sudden start, and an eager, questioning look in her eyes.

Then a rush of hot, tell-tale crimson suffused her face and forehead, only to vanish and leave a deadly pallor. She covered it with her hands, and bowed her head in grief or shame, he knew not which.

"No," he said, frankly. "He had a little too much the start of me. Got to the station the other side of the river first, caught the night express, and went on to London, where I suppose he got all right. I haven't tried to run him to earth yet, because, in the first place, you escaped, and in the second, I want you to furnish me with a clue to him, for, if I do nothing else, I'll beat him to a jelly. He thought he had drowned you, Floye; aye, and he thinks you are at the bottom of the river now. Who was he, Floye?"

She rose up and tottered towards the door as though about to swoon. He caught her by the hand and waist to support her, but she struggled to free herself.

He bent his face down to hers, and in a half whisper, which was tremulous with excitement, said:

"Is it a grave secret, Floye?"

She could not answer him; but her humid eyes, her grief-stricken face, spoke plainly enough, and he released her.

"I respect it," he said, "and will never mention the subject to you again—never, upon my honor, Floye, unless you wish it. Oh, Floye, I love you as truly and as sincerely as of old—more so, if it can be possible; and if you will only be my wife, I will devote my life to make you happy—aye, and those nearest and dearest to you. Not a care or a sorrow shall ever come near them again, if I can help it."

With a sharp cry of agony, as though those words had pierced her brain like a poisoned barb, she ran wildly from the room.

He folded his arms tightly across his body, and paced up and down.

"It can't be very bad," he muttered to himself. "She's too pure, too good a creature for that, and, perhaps—— It has an ugly look; but she is not to blame—*I'll* take my life she is not to blame. She'll keep the secret, that's certain; and if that infernal villain thinks her dead, he'll never hunt her up again. I'm mad in love with her, and will shut ears and eyes to the past if she will only have me. I'll try to get her mother to take my side. Poor darling, I'll make her a bright-eyed, smiling little woman yet."

He had little difficulty to win her mother to his side. Hurled abruptly from her high, luxurious state into the very gutter of a grim poverty, she clutched with a selfish and not unnatural eagerness at the prospect of being as suddenly restored to a condition of affluence through the marriage of her daughter.

For Reginald Ringwood not only possessed means ample enough to settle a handsome competency on them for their life, but also to keep his wife in almost as good a position as Mr. Hock Egerton, the wealthy banker, had kept his daughter.

There ensued a terrible interview between Mrs. Egerton and the miserable Floye. The latter did not dare disclose her fearful secret, for she feared that her confession would unhinge her mother's brain. She could only with tears, upon her knees, beseech her not to urge her to marry Reginald, and vowed that she would slave like a common drudge to support her and her father, if she would only spare her this trial.

But she could offer no valid reason for her refusal of him, and she had to endure the agonizing sight of her mother in her turn upon her knees, clasping hers, and entreating her with a very frenzy of tears to save her father from yet more dreadful humiliation than he had yet endured—perhaps from the horrible sin of self-murder.

Distracted, saddened, she broke from her and ran wildly from room to room in search of Reginald Ringwood, and finding him alone in a chamber, she turned the key in the lock, and then, falling at his feet, with her clasped hands in prayerful attitude, she implored him, in terms such as perhaps no frantic creature ever used before, to withdraw his proposal for her hand.

He raised her from the ground by sheer force, and folded his arms tightly around her and kissed her cold forehead.

"Be only mine, Floye," he exclaimed, huskily; "and be your secret what it may, I will never ask it of you, and never let you know that I fancied you ever had one."

But this seemed to distress her yet more, and, wild and frenzied, she wrenched herself from his embrace, and in a torrent of words, accompanied by a flood of scalding tears, told him all.

He turned very white as she made the revelation, staggered, and sank upon a chair as if he were falling into a fit. He wiped the drops of ice-cold perspiration from his brow, and made a desperate effort to recover his firmness. At last he succeeded, and then, in a subdued and gentle voice, he said:

"Keep nothing from me now, Floye; regard me as a brother. Tell me all your story, and I will find a way to right you."

Then, as to a beloved brother, she revealed all her sad history to him, declaring that, though she never wished again to behold her contemptible husband, she wished to obtain possession of her child.

In this he promised to aid her, and he had the opportunity to keep his word in a manner most unlooked for.

He had arranged with Floye that for a term Mrs. Egerton should be permitted to hold the belief that his hand had not been refused. But that poor lady, a day or two subsequently, came suddenly upon the dead body of her husband lying prone in their bedchamber, with an empty vial which had contained poison in his hand, and the shock was too great for her.

They were laid in one grave, and on that same day Floye received the really harassing intelligence that a large fortune had been bequeathed to her by a distant relative, too late.

The barrier which poverty had raised up between her and her husband was thus swept away, as she assumed, by the coldly inconsistent hand of fate, but no more did she think of him save with a repugnant shudder.

She thought only of her child, and determined to search the world for it, with Reginald Ringwood as friend, companion and brother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FAMOUS PHYSICIAN.

The famous Dr. Abernethy was one of those rough, eccentric physicians, of whose kindness innumerable good stories are told. Like Dr. Johnson, he had a warm heart under a rough exterior. Though he could be absolutely brutal to fine ladies and affected misses, he is said to have been an amiable man, beloved of his family and friends. But to tiresome patients and *malades imaginaire* he was at times the personification of rudeness. "Sir, that's enough; go home and read my book." To a lady who complained of low spirits he would say: "Don't come to me; go and buy a skipping rope." Sometimes, however, he met his match. Curran one day came to consult him, and he was rather diffuse in describing the symptoms of his disorders. "Sir," said Abernethy, "you had better tell me your whole life." Upon which Curran sat down and seriously began: "I was born in the year ——, in the county of ——, Ireland," and Abernethy burst into a laugh and entered properly into his case. A lady determined to be brief, and to humor the tyrant, one day entered his consulting-room, and, thrusting out an injured hand, merely said: "My thumb, sir." "You, madam," he exclaimed, in admiration, "are the only sensible woman I ever had for a patient."

A gentleman equally determined, being roughly interrupted, suddenly locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and insisted on being heard. Abernethy smiled, and complimented the patient on his resolution. To a gentleman who gave him twenty pounds to attend his wife he said: "Are you the fool who gave me twenty pounds the other day? Go home and tell your wife to dine earlier and eat less; and do you keep your money in your pocket, for no doctor's advice is worth twenty pounds." To a lady he said severely: "Go home and tell your husband he will not have a wife this day six months."

Abernethy was no respecter of persons. Poor or rich, his patients had to submissively take their turns, or they might go elsewhere. An angry nobleman once broke into his room and stated his rank and position in full, and asked Abernethy if he knew who he was. To this Abernethy replied: "And I, sir, am John Abernethy, surgeon-lecturer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, &c., and if you wish to consult me I am now ready to hear what you have to say in return, sir." The Duke of Wellington, angry at having to wait his turn, abruptly entered his room. Abernethy asked him how he had entered. "By the door, sir." "Then," said the irascible doctor, "I recommend you to make your exit the same way." He is also said to have refused to attend George IV. till his lecture at the hospital was over. The point on which Abernethy most insisted was the stomach, and through that important organ he declared that all diseases could be cured. The celebrated biscuit which he used to eat and recommended were not so called from him, but from the baker who first invented them. That there was kindness in Abernethy, who can deny who remembers the story of how he returned all his fees to a poor widow who had consulted him, and added fifty pounds to enable her to give her sick child a daily ride? He had a horror of operations, and rejoiced when the evil could be averted without such rough and terrible remedies.

THE modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearances of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but, as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.

FACETIÆ

SOMETHING about dogs—fleas.

"OUR NATIONAL GAME."—Spelling Bees.

A DOUGHMESTIC difficulty — heavy bread.

SPRING is on hand. Lettuce have peas.

IMPROVING one's time—mending the clock.

IT takes a pretty smart man to tell when he is happy.

NEW BEDFORD has but one whaler left—A schoolmaster.

MILK punch is now recommended as a cure for diptheria. It has always been considered good for the throat.

A GREAT deal of money is sure to "go where the woodbine twineth" this spring—because the woodbine twineth on the new spring bonnets.

A PITTSFIELD Teuton, disgusted with the disrespect of Good Friday by the Yankees, exclaimed: "Mein Gotts! Mein Gotts! What a country! What a beples! Only two holy days, and one is Fourth of July and the other April Fools!"

SHE tenderly pushed him from her, as they stood in the bay-window with the soft moonlight falling upon them, and said: "Augustus, dear, I think you had better try some other hair dye; your moustache tastes like turpentine."

CANNY SCOT.—"D'ye sell whuskey here, mon?"

Barman—"Yes."

Canny Scot—"Hoo much is't a jar?"

Barman—"Two pounds."

Canny Scot—(After much consideration)—"Weel, then, if it's unco gude, awl hae twa' pennyworth, hot, wi' sugar an' lemon, and a lang pipe."

A LADY who had been teaching her little four-year-old the elements of arithmetic, was astounded by his running and propounding the following problem: "Mamma, if you had three butterflies, and each butterfly had a bug in his ear, how many butterflies would you have?" The mother is still at work on the problem.

What has my darling been doing to-day
To pay for her washing and mending?
How can she manage to keep out of debt
For so much caressing and tending?
How can I wait till the years shall have flown,
And the hands have grown larger and stronger?
Who will be able the interest to pay
If the debt runs many years longer.

Dear little feet, how they fly to my side!
White arms my neck are caressing;
Sweetest of kisses are laid on my cheek,
Fair head my shoulder is pressing.
Nothing at all from my darling is due—
From evil may angels defend her—
The debt is discharged as fast as 'tis made,
For love is a legal tender.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

CHARADES.

1.

My first is a part of every man,
Though strange as it is my whole says no,
To give my whole, I know you can,
When you learn my second does smaller grow.

2.

My first is measured by my whole,
My next a "part" doth mean;
If of myself I tell you more,
You'll think me precious green.

ENIGMA.

I was, but am not, and ne'er will be again;
Myriads possessed me, and possessed in vain;
To some I proved a friend, to some a foe,
Some I exalted, others I laid low.
To some I gave the bliss that knows no sigh,
And some condemned to equal misery;
If conscious that we meet, and but to sever,
Now say to whom you bade farewell forever.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

My first you can always see in the dark;
My next would be quite out of place in a park;
My third is my second when turned into food;
My fourth, when excessive, is irksome and rude;
My fifth is a word of distributive force;
My sixth is quite singular, as a matter of course;
My last, to which give attention, I pray,
Is always in straw, but never in hay.
The centrals, read downwards, an author will give
Whose name will be cherished as long as men live.
Read cross-wise, the letters an act will disclose
Which is very unpleasant when performed through the nose.

JACQUES.

BIBLICAL QUESTIONS.

1. What prophetess dwelt in a college?
2. How many dukes of Edom were there?
3. What mother made a little coat for her son, and sent it to him yearly?
4. Where is a ferry boat mentioned?
5. Where is a barber's razor mentioned?
6. Who is said to have been without father, without mother, without descent?

J. H. MARTIN.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 45.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx" No. 39, Vol. 24.

SQUARE WORDS—

1.	2.
URAL	SWAN
RIDE	WANE
ADDA	ANNA
LEAD	NEAR

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. — Charles Dickens.

LADIES' NAMES.—1. Vict(im)-or-i-a. 2. Mat-il(l)-da-(rn). 3. August-a. 4. Car-oli-ne(at). 5. Ale-x-and-ra(ce). 6. Eli-z-a-beth. 7. Emme(t)-line. 8. Mart-ha(t). 9. Mar-i-a. 10. L-oui-sa(d). 11. Est-her.

BOUND.

Bound with a chain that holds me to the earth,
Benumbed and powerless in its giant fold,
Crushing to earth all thoughts of higher birth,
And making every generous impulse cold.

A stranger groping in the night, alone,
Far from the house he started forth to seek,
Such am I—thinking what I might have done
If fate had been more kind, or I less weak.

Bound with a chain of which I forged each link
By choosing evil and rejecting good:
I slept among the flowers, nor waked to think,
And so these chains grew on me as they would.

And now I know it is too late: for when,
Heedless, I let the shining links slip o'er
These feeble hands, my better angel then
Waved his white wings and fled for evermore.

HARD TIMES!

OR,

The Real Victims of the Panic!

A Tale of the Winter of 1873–74.

By BURR THORNBURY, Esq.

Author of "Jessie Dale," "Rowanswood," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DEEPER SHADOW.

"What has happened?"

"How alarming!"

"A lady has fainted!"

"Mrs. Chaswick has swooned!"

Questions, exclamations and answers like these came from almost every mouth.

"What was the cause of it?"

"Who was the strange lady?"

"Where has she gone?"

Queries innumerable were propounded by the excited assemblage, who appeared to forget their self-possession and breeding entirely.

A few remained calm.

Mr. Chaswick, shocked and alarmed, gently supported Mrs. Chaswick in his arms until a couch was cleared for her. On this he placed her, entreating those present not to crowd so closely around, depriving her of air.

They drew back wondering.

Several had witnessed the strange recognition of Mrs. Chaswick by the lady who had now disappeared.

Mr. Chaswick gave his entire attention to his companion, who was now reviving.

As she came back to consciousness she appeared to remember all.

"Take me home! Oh, take me home!" were her first words, with such pleading in their tone as many had never heard before.

Mrs. Gillespie was now by the side of her guest.

"Shall she not be conveyed to an upper chamber?" she asked.

Mrs. Chaswick caught the words.

"No, no! take me home!" she pleaded still. "I cannot remain here—*with her*," she added, in a low, trembling tone.

Then the consciousness of her position seemed to overwhelm her. What a spectacle she had presented! How she had marred the festivities of the evening! Her mortification was extreme.

Mr. Chaswick felt that it would be best to remove her from the house to her own home immediately, and accordingly directed that the carriage be brought to the door.

Passing to an upper room, Mrs. Chaswick, still greatly agitated, received her bonnet, furs and wrappings, and then taking a brief leave of her hostess, descended to the waiting carriage.

Accompanied by Mr. Chaswick, she entered, and was soon rolling homeward over the snowy street.

Meanwhile, at the house they had left, the guests were making endless inquiries as to the other part in this strange *contretemps*.

Mrs. Gillespie was besieged with questions, asking who the unknown lady was.

Now Mrs. Gillespie enjoyed all this—actually enjoyed it; the scene in the drawing-room, the excitement, the mystery—everything appertaining to the affair. It would serve to make her party the most talked about of the season.

"At Mrs. Gillespie's party! At Mrs. Gillespie's party!" every one would say.

And that was just what Mrs. Gillespie wanted.

But she could not satisfy the curiosity of her guests respecting the lady whose unexpected meeting with Mrs. Chaswick had occasioned the swooning of the latter.

"Her name is De Graffe—whether Miss or Mrs. I cannot say. She came with the Wiltons, being a guest of theirs, and has privately left the house. Of course, it would be unpleasant to her to remain."

That was all Mrs. Gillespie could impart. The dark-eyed, scornful lady, looking like a tragedy-queen, had been received by her, it was true, but she had failed to catch the title by which her unknown guest had been introduced. The Wiltons knew her; the Wiltons would explain; but the Wiltons had gone; therefore Mrs. Gillespie's guests—and herself, too, for she was as curious as any of them—would have to wait until the Wiltons could be approached on the subject of the strange lady, and her evident enmity toward Mrs. Chaswick.

We return to the latter.

Her emotions, and those of Mr. Chaswick, as they rode in silence to her home, we need not describe.

Arriving there, they alighted from the carriage, and the young man conducted Mrs. Chaswick to the hall.

He would then have left her, seeing her in the care of her servants, but she seemed to divine his intention, and said:

"Come with me into the parlor, Mr. Chaswick. I must speak with you."

"Had I not better go?" he suggested. "You are weak and excited; perhaps I should send you a physician—Dr. Curtis?"

"No, no!" she answered, passionately. "I am not weak; I am strong now. The surprise and terror of that recognition are past. You must listen to me, Mr. Chaswick."

She spoke both pleadingly and imperatively. He saw that it would be best to acquiesce.

Accordingly they entered the parlor.

The gas was lighted; a cheerful fire was burning in the open grate; the whole aspect of the room was warm and inviting. Its hushed and slumberous atmosphere was very impressive. What words would break its tender silence?

We will not say that Nelson Chaswick was not curious to hear the explanation of the strange and painful affair of the evening. He was more than curious. He was burning with a desire to have the mystery solved.

That it had some bearing upon the events of Mrs. Chaswick's past life he felt certain.

But he did not wish her, in the heat of her present excitement, to say words to him, which, later, she would regret that she had spoken. This he feared she might do, and he felt it his duty to warn her not to make him her confidant without due consideration.

Mrs. Chaswick, pale and calm, began with this preface:

"There are secrets in my life that I cannot yet lay bare, even to you, Mr. Chaswick—to you who——"

"Dear Mrs. Chaswick," he interrupted, "let me hear nothing from your lips that in a cooler moment you would recall. No ear but God's, it may be, should listen to the story you could tell. It does not concern me. I may be able to offer you no consolation; silence may be better for both of us."

"No," she returned, her features working convulsively; "I *must* speak now. I thank heaven that in you I have found one whom I dare to and desire to trust. For long years I have borne a rankling secret in my breast—a secret, whose attendant is remorse, and together they have fed upon my life, destroying that sweet inward peace I once knew. To-night I met one whom I hoped never to meet again. She is my enemy, my remorseless enemy, seeking my disgrace and the destruction of what little happiness she may imagine remains to me. She has crossed the seas, with no other purpose, it may be, than to accomplish a revenge she long ago commenced. *Yet I have wronged her*, that I confess, and remorse for the act preys upon me still. I do not wonder that she hates me. I blighted her life. I took from her the man she loved, and who loved her. God forgive me! I did it unwittingly, perhaps; in the selfishness, in the blindness of my own love for him; in not dishonorable rivalry; yet I saw my error before its results were accomplished, and I should have yielded my advantage then, even at the sacrifice of my own happiness. But I did not. I married the man who should have married her, and, what was bitterer to her, I taught him to love me. Then she vowed that I should know what vengeance was. In my madness and triumph I scorned and defied her. Ah! my heart was hotter then, and I felt that she had no right to threaten and persecute me.

"'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.' Adaline De Graffe—for that is, or was her name—lived apparently only to embitter my own existence. Her machinations against me were endless; her patience in supporting them, through failure and success, was tireless. My husband died soon after our marriage, but his death did not seem to lessen her animosity toward myself. Sometimes the dreadful suspicion presents itself in my mind that she was instrumental in causing my husband's death. Both he and a beloved sister of mine died suddenly, under mysterious circumstances. Remember, I do not charge Adaline De Graffe with the crime, if crime it was. It is she—oh, heaven behold my innocence!—who charges *me* with having taken the life of the latter."

"The woman is a fiend, dear Mrs. Chaswick. How dare she charge you with such an offence?"

"She dare do anything; and, unfortunately for me holds certain circumstantial evidences of my apparent guilt."

"But—but this is preposterous," said the young man, impatiently. "What motive could there be for such a crime?"

"The single inheritance, Adaline declares, of a large estate just descended to us."

"Fudge! Mrs. Chaswick, the woman is simply a monomaniac. Her hatred of you has worked that effect upon her mind."

"Oh, sir, I fear she is mad—she did become insane, it was said, and that sad reflection has occasioned me much distress and remorse. Yes, the knowledge that I was in any degree answerable for such condition of a fellow being has given me years of misery."

"But you are not answerable for it. You hold yourself to an account that neither human nor divine judges would do. And now, why give yourself any further uneasiness in regard to this woman?"

"But you do not know all, Mr. Chaswick. Adaline De Graffe, if she chooses, can send me to a prison or the scaffold. My sister did die a death of secret violence, and I really believe that she believed me guilty of the deed."

"Dear Mrs. Chaswick, what do you say? That your own sister believed you——"

He faltered in his speech, for he could not finish the dreadful sentence.

"Yes, yes!" gasped poor Mrs. Chaswick. "I assure you it was so. But now—in heaven—she knows my innocence, do you not believe?"

"I surely do. But was not this dreadful misunderstanding the result of a plot by this malignant Adaline De Graffe to cause you further misery?"

"I am morally sure that it was, but I can prove nothing; while she, if she is so minded, can cover my name with the ignominy of an almost unheard of accusation."

"She will not attempt this, I trust."

"She will do anything to pain and humiliate me. Why she has spared me so long, I cannot say. I had come to hope that she would threaten and trouble me no more—that I would never see her again; and yet it is she alone who, I believe, holds the secret of the whereabouts of my lost child."

"Ah, it was she then who caused you that sorrow?"

"Yes, I am sure that to her I owe the loss of my infant; yet here again I can prove nothing against her—all is but conjecture and suspicion."

"This miserable woman shall not work you further unhappiness, dear Mrs. Chaswick," said her young friend, in a comforting tone. "I will be your champion, if you will permit me. If she is really a maniac, as I am inclined to think, I will see that her friends take proper charge of her person. If she is sane, perhaps I can extort from her a confession of all she may know of your lost child."

"Ah, I fear not; the rack could not wring that secret from her."

"I will see what can be done. Do you know who are her immediate relatives or friends?"

"Of the former I believe she has none; the Wiltons, years ago, received her in their family, and do still, probably."

"The Wiltons! a family of great wealth and secure social position, but not of the most unsullied character. Adaline De Graffe would be welcomed there, if I do not judge them unjustly. But we will say no more of her now. I must leave you, for I see that you need rest after the long and trying excitement of this evening. Good-night. Do not let this new shadow bring you only gloom—strive to see if there is not a silver lining to the cloud."

He pressed her hand warmly, bowed, and was gone.

His closing words had cheered her greatly, but it was in a sad and foreboding state of mind that she sought her chamber.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

Returning to her boarding-place one evening after a weary and not encouraging search for work, Celia Burke was startled to observe a sudden and unfavorable change in the condition of her poor, paralytic sister.

Dora's countenance was paler and more anxious than ever, with a certain drawn expression that indicated great suffering, or that apprehension of suffering that sometimes precedes actual pain.

"You are not so well, Dora?" said Celia, in great solicitude.

"No," she answered, with a cheerfulness of tone not to be expected from the anxious lassitude of her system exhibited in her form and features. "Or rather," she added, with a sad, sweet smile, "I am much better."

"I fear not, Dora; you must have a physician."

"There is one coming, dear sister—one whose healing shall be perfect."

Celia glanced keenly, and in a frightened way, into her sister's face. She caught her meaning, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Dora, Dora! do I understand you? You speak as if you feared you might never be better."

"Do I?" she said, with another sad, sweet smile. "Do I speak as if I feared death?"

"Death!" gasped Celia, huskily, "do not talk so, Dora."

"But I must—it is near me."

"Oh, sister, dear sister!"

"It is near me—not as a terror, but as a deliverance. Save the pain of parting from you, Celia, I have no dread to go, no desire to stay."

"Oh, Dora, you distress me beyond measure."

"Celia, be calm, and look upon the truth as you soon must know it. I cannot live a great while longer; I feel those strange, threatening stirrings of my frame that I am aware precede another stroke of my cruel disease. It will prove fatal this time; my poor body cannot endure much further affliction."

Tears were now raining from Celia's eyes.

"Dora, dear sister, do not talk so," she pleaded. "If you leave me, I will be alone in the world. Oh, I cannot think of it."

"Better alone than with me, Celia. My earthly prospect would be very dark, and I fear your best efforts could not brighten them. No, no, sister; do not bid me stay—do not mourn for me. Think of me as safe from every danger—from woe and want, and the dreary winter that is so heavy-handed upon the poor and weak like me."

The gentle sufferer, whose premonitions of death were surely to be realized, judging from her utterly failing appearance, could say no more. The effort to speak cost her strength that she could ill spare. Her breath was short and husky; her left upper and lower limb twitched spasmodically, and the anxious expression of her countenance deepened.

This latter was owing to no fear she had of her approaching end, but was merely a physical symptom. Through it shone the light of her spirit—clear, sweet, and peaceful.

Celia noted this strange commingling of expression, and guessed what it indicated—a suffering body, but a happy soul.

"I will leave you a moment, Dora," she said softly, endeavoring to conceal her alarm.

"Why?" asked Dora.

"To see Mrs. Biggs."

"Why do you wish to see Mrs. Biggs, Celia? To ask her to summon a doctor?"

"Yes," was the answer.

Dora appeared to read every thought of her sister, as if the latter uttered them.

"Do not go," pleaded the sick girl. "No one can aid me, bodily, now. I shall die at eight."

She spoke as calmly and as confidently as if she was entirely assured that what she said would be.

"Dora! Dora!" ejaculated Celia, piteously, while her tearful face grew suddenly awe-struck. Involuntarily she glanced at the little clock on the bureau.

Dora's eyes followed the movement, and with that happy smile renewed until it seemed spiritual, she said:

"It is half-past seven now; only one more half hour on earth yet, dear sister; only that brief time with you."

'Tis said the dying never weep. Dora Burke was dying now, yet as she spoke these closing words, clasping her sister's hand in hers, she mutely motioned her lips for kisses, while her tears welled from her eyes like springs from full-fed sources.

Then there was a silence, broken only by Celia's sobs. She could not articulate the words she would have spoken, but bent by the side of the dying girl, whose departing spirit lingered only to say farewell.

Dora at length spoke again.

"There is nothing troubling me, dear sister, but the thought of your loneliness and grief when I shall be gone; but I am weary of earth, and dearly as you love me, I know you cannot bid me stay. We have talked over all our little affairs, Celia; there is nothing I can ask of you, except that you will have my body laid by our parents' side, away from the great city, where, when springtime comes, the birds will sing, the sun shine brightly, and the grass grow green and fresh! That is all, dear sister; farewell till we meet in the better land. God comfort and protect——"

Her sinking frame suddenly quivered as if a galvanic shock had been administered to it; her words were broken off; and after that momentary spasm she lay still and rigid. The hands of the clock marked the hour of eight, and the spirit of the gentle sufferer had gone. Celia was alone with the dead, and in the sacredness of her grief we leave her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT THE PAWNBROKER'S.

All was over—the sad and simple preparation of Dora's remains for the grave—the interment (it could hardly be called a funeral where there was but one mourner), the first and burning bitterness of Celia's grief. Lonely and sad she was, a calm also possessed her; she began to realize how much happier Dora was in her new existence than in pain and poverty she could ever be on earth. A tranquil acquiescence in the change succeeded the tossings of the surviving sister's spirit.

Celia had given Dora decent interment, though she was forced to sacrifice almost every available article of value she possessed to do so. Even the sum thus secured did not prove sufficient to enable her to make payment of all the debts she owed; but the stern Mrs. Miggs, in consideration of Celia's distressful situation, advanced her a small amount under promise of early refundment. She knew that Celia would keep her word, and, therefore, was not afraid to trust her. But the close-calculating landlady had *bargained* with the poor girl; she knew that Celia had in her possession one article of value yet, which would amply secure the payment of the sum loaned. It was her mother's wedding ring, a piece of jewelry of rather quaint, but beautiful design—a souvenir of better days—marked with her father's name, and also that of his mother, for he had received it from her.

It was an heirloom of priceless worth in Celia's eyes, having served at two weddings, and been transmitted to her as something never to be parted with. To pawn this ring would give her exquisite pain, but she saw no other course.

Mrs. Miggs had hinted that way, intimating at the same time that *she* would never take it as security.

Celia understood her. She saw that her landlady wanted her money, but did not wish to have anything to do, save indirectly, with a transaction that might, and probably would, result in the permanent loss of the ring to Celia.

Mrs. Miggs was superstitious on that point. She had heard that to accept a pawn of a wedding-ring would bring misfortune upon the individual so accepting.

But to take the *money* that might be thus obtained was a very different thing. Cash was cash the world over, and no one was supposed to know anything about how it was got.

So Celia, finding at the expiration of the period of trust that she would be unable to meet the obligation with the proceeds of the little work she had obtained, having had her board bills to pay weekly during the interim, saw no course open but to seek the pawnbroker's, and obtain an advance upon the treasured jewel.

Heavy-hearted, she accordingly, one afternoon, sought the precincts, which, like the business there usually transacted, were gloomy enough.

A sense of self-abasement was experienced by Celia as she entered; it was the first time she had ever been compelled to seek such a place.

To barter her dead mother's wedding-ring for bread alone she felt she could never do; but her object being to discharge a debt of honor, incurred by reason of her sister's death, the trial, bitter as it was, was endurable.

"I shall be able to redeem it—I surely shall," she said to herself; "for I will deny myself, if necessary, everything but the barest means of subsistence rather than forfeit that precious gift. Dora is gone now. Dear Dora! for whom I would so willingly have toiled, and I shall find it easier to provide for myself alone than for both. My darling sister! what a precious burden her support was to me!"

Her tears started as she thus communed with herself, standing there in the dingy shop, waiting her turn to make known her melancholy business.

Two or three customers were present besides herself, all wearing the sad faces so often to be seen on pawnbroker's premises, if one but closely observes.

"Now, miss," spoke the proprietor of the establishment, when he was ready to serve her.

He was a little leather-faced man, with a hard, crafty expression of countenance, dark, deep-set eyes, that twinkled like those of a rat, and a dusty, forlorn air, despite the sharpness of his visage.

Celia involuntarily shrunk from him as he approached and addressed her. He observed the movement, and an unpleasant smile was his recognition of it.

"Well, miss," he said, sharply, "what can I do for you?"

Celia produced the ring, sadly and reluctantly, for she felt that it would be profanation for the man before her to touch it; but she could not escape the necessity of submitting it for his inspection.

"This ring is very precious to me," she began; but the pawnbroker interrupted her with a rude, impatient, "yes."

"Never mind telling me of associations connected with it, miss," he continued. "I can imagine all that; I hear so much of that sort of thing I——"

"What will you loan me on it?" asked Celia, choking down her feelings, and in turn interrupting him, for she perceived that he had no thought of anything but business.

He took it to examine.

At the first glance he bestowed upon it, he started in sudden excitement, but almost instantly suppressed all show of his agitation. Celia did not observe the effect upon him of his first sight of the jewel. She saw not the quick and crafty lighting of his eye, nor did she take note of the increased trembling of his slightly palsied arm. She was too much occupied with bitter thoughts connected with the sacrifice she was making.

"Where did you get this ring, did you say?" asked the pawnbroker in apparent unconcern.

"It was my mother's—her wedding-ring, and it was also the wedding-ring of my paternal grandmother. How much will you advance me on it?" she asked, anxiously.

"It is so old-fashioned that, in spite of its somewhat singular design, I ought not to offer you too much for it; others in the business would give you very little. But seeing that you are young and deserving"—his sympathies appeared to be suddenly excited—"I will take it at a fair valuation."

Celia began to think that, after all, she had judged the man too severely; he was not so bad, perhaps, as he had at first seemed.

"Would twenty dollars be enough?" he continued.

"Oh, more than I dared hope for," exclaimed the surprised and unsuspicious girl, in the grateful frankness of her nature. "I hope to redeem it, though; I would not part with it for any consideration if I were not forced to."

The pawnbroker counted out twenty dollars. Celia took the money and her ticket with a sadness that nearly overcame her fortitude.

"Your father's name was Pascal Burke?" said the man, interrogatively, as if to make sure of a fact he had just discovered.

"Yes," said Celia.

"I see it cut here on the ring," observed the pawnbroker.

"Yes; there are several initials there, you will note, and his name in full with my mother's. It was a fancy of hers to have them marked thus."

"Yes; your parents are not living, I suppose?"

"Neither of them."

The crafty eyes of the pawnbroker fairly danced as he received this intelligence.

"And—and have you any brother or sister?"

He was touching on a painful subject. Tears shone in Celia's eyes, and she answered sadly:

"No; I am alone in the world now. My only sister died only a short time since."

"Ah, I regret to hear it. Might I ask you one more question, Miss Burke? Maybe you'll think I am impertinent, though?"

"You seem kind," said Celia; and she really thought he was.

The pawnbroker proceeded with his question.

"Did your father leave you quite unprovided for at his death? You see, miss, that if you are without much means, I would like to do the very best I can for you. When the time is up for you to redeem the ring, if you find you can't do it—times are hard, you know—perhaps, if you were to come to me, I might allow you some more on it."

"Oh, I cannot think of losing it," she said, distressfully. "I *must* redeem it."

"Well, come back to me, at any rate. Did you say your father left you nothing, miss?"

Celia looked at him a moment sharply. There was a lurking earnestness in his tone that struck her as being extraordinary for an uninterested person; but she concluded that he was only expressing a slight sympathy for her, natural, she supposed, in any one.

"He died poor—he was very unfortunate," she said, in reply to his interrogation.

"And—and you never—you never got out of difficulties since?"

"I was never in debt until recently;" she answered with slight dignity, resenting the question as merely inquisitive.

"Hem! Well, good-day, miss; you'll call again?"

Celia had turned to leave him.

"Without fail," she said, earnestly. "Thanks for your kindness to me."

And with a sad curtsey she was gone.

The pawnbroker went into a room adjoining his business apartment and called quickly to a lad he found there, returning with him to the shop.

"Do you see that young woman, Quip, going up the street?" he asked, pointing out the figure of his late customer; "that modest dressed young thing, hardly a woman yet?"

"Yeth, thir," said Quip, with animation; "an' I theed her through the door afore she went out. She's natty looking, thir."

"Well, follow her," directed the pawnbroker; "follow her on the sly. I want to know where she lives. Mind, now, you track her without her knowing it."

"Yeth, thir," returned Quip; and like a young detective he was off.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT EATING AT NIGHT.

A legend of ancient times, handed down from generation to generation, through century upon century, still obtains in almost every household, to the effect that if one eats just before going to bed one will surely see one's grandmother. Now there seems to be something terrible about the appearance of this nocturnal grandmother, but as the writer never conversed with anyone who had been subjected to one of her phantomic visits, we are disposed to be incredulous, and flout the legend in the face of the bearer. However hungry one may be at bed-time, the temptation to satisfy the cravings of the appetite is always met by this "old wives' fable," and it always serves to bar the pantry door against an evening intrusion. There's no telling how much suffering has been brought about by this idea, and now we believe the time has come when hungry men, be it at bedtime or meal-time, ought to burst the legendary bonds which have thus far bound them, and eat when they are hungry. To take a hearty meal on retiring is, of course, very injurious, because it is very likely to disturb one's rest and produce nightmare. However, a little food at this time, if one is hungry, is decidedly beneficial; it prevents the gnawing of an empty stomach, with its attendant restlessness and unpleasant dreams, to say nothing of the probable headache, or of nervous and other derangements the next morning. One should no more lie down at night hungry than he should lie down after a full dinner, the consequence of either being disturbing and harmful. A cracker or two, a bit of bread and butter, cake, a little fruit—something to relieve the sense of vacuity, and so restore the tone of the system—is all that is necessary. We have known persons, habitual sufferers from restlessness at night, to experience material benefit, even though they were not hungry, by a very light luncheon before bedtime. In place of tossing about for two or three hours as formerly, they would soon grow drowsy, fall asleep, and not wake more than once or twice until sunrise. This mode of treating insomnia or sleeplessness has recently been recommended by several distinguished physicians, and the prescription has generally been attended with happy results.

MAN himself is the author of most of his infirmities, and of them the greater number originate purely in mental or moral causes. It would be absurd to suppose that many diseases, and deaths too, should not arise from causes beyond the control of man; but his own pursuits and habits in life lay the foundation of by far the greatest portion.

People who brood over their sorrows are usually successful in hatching a numerous covey; and those who sit "nursing their rage, to keep it warm," are sure of a comfortable temperature of indignation.

DEAD DAYS.

Our summers are but burial places, where
We lay to rest the sweet days as they die—
Softening their outlines with love's rosemary,
And memory's lavender, and all of rare
Tokens to keep them fair.

Our winters are the vaults whose ice-fringed cells
Shut in still other confined days, for whom,
When borne and left amid their frozen gloom,
White-surpliced flakes (in place of lily-bells)
Tinkle their muffled knells.

We bury them, and sigh, with bowing head,
Submissive else: The tender days must go,
For they are earthly-born, and perish so:
Yet by what augury oath any said
That they are wholly dead?

Our days die thus, and we—their lives withdrawn—
Like other mourners, full of faith's control,
Forgetful that each memory is the soul
Of a dead day, such as in summers gone,
'Mid rosemary sleeps on.

And when they meet us yonder, face to face,
After their resurrection—shall we then
Hail them with greet and welcome once again,
Companions of our blessedness always—
Dear, risen, deathless days?

AN ORTHOMANIAC ROMANCE.

About a month ago, a young couple in Chicago were married. The wedding was a quiet one, as the bride's family was in mourning on account of the recent death of the bride's mother's grandaunt. After dinner, the shedding of tears, the shying of old shoes, and similar nuptial ceremonies had been duly performed, the young couple proceeded to the modest cottage on Warren avenue, which was to be their home—delicious thought—their home. After tea the two young people were sitting in the dusky parlor testing the carrying capacity of one chair, when, naturally, they happened to remember that at that very moment the great spelling-tournament was raging at Farwell Hall. After saying that each would rather be where he, or she was, than at Farwell Hall, etc., etc., the turtle-doves organized a spelling-tournament of their own, the reward of merit being kisses and the condign penalties for errors severe hugs.

Presently the newly-made bride asked the newly-made groom to spell "Impenetrable," and he spelled it, "I-m-p-e-n-e-t-r-a-b-l-e."

"O, you great goose," blithely said the sole partner of his home and heart, "You, educated at a university, can't spell 'impenetrable.'"

This nettled the head of the family, and he asked her how she spelled it.

"I-m-p-e-n-e-t-r-i-b-l-e,"

"That's the worst I ever heard," said he, "for a young woman who pretends to have moved in society and gone to the Dearborn academy."

"Pretends," remarked the bride, on whose cheek two scarlet spots could be seen glowing in the dusk (for the lamp had been turned down very low), "pretends," she echoed, as she left his knee for a rocking-chair, and began to rock herself vigorously, and fan herself with her handkerchief, "my father never was a tailor, and I cannot remember that my mother ever took in washing."

"Possibly not," retorted the husband with forced calmness, "but at least my father always paid his debts, and my mother's bridal trousseau, if plain, was paid for."

* * * * *

Edwin slept on the sofa in the parlor that night, while Angelina shed a bucket and a half of tears in the solitary nuptial couch that she occupied.

* * * * *

At 10 A. M. the husband and wife of a day, pale, cold, and determined, called on a lawyer who had known their family for years, and announced their determination to separate as soon as the requisite papers could be prepared, on the ground of incompatibility of temper. Edwin stated that he hoped to find in the Black Hills present distraction and speedy death, while Angelina remarked that though she looked perfectly horrible in black and detested veils, she would to a nunnery go. The lawyer, after some difficulty, induced them to tell him the cause and manner of their separation.

"Sir," said Edwin, "I cannot live with a woman who spells 'impenetrable' with an 'i.'"

"Did you really do that, my dear?" said the kindly old judge to the weeping wife.

"Yes," she sobbed.

"That was wrong, that was very wrong," he replied.

"So I told her," stated the husband, "but she said she could not safely trust her happiness to the keeping of a man who spelled it with an 'e.'"

"Ah!" said the lawyer, "that is the way you spell it, is it?"

"If is."

"Then you are both wrong; it should be spelled with an 'a.'"

Swift as a flash of lightning, Edwin, pressing one hand to his throbbing brow, leaped to the book-case and seized a Webster's Unabridged, while Angelina, whose heaving bosom betrayed her emotion, turned over the pages of the copy of Worcester's that the kind-hearted old lawyer had placed before her.

"It is an 'a,'" cried each, simultaneously.

"Edwin!"

"Angelina!"

Like torrents from one mountain source they rushed into each other's arms.

CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last, approaching a basket filled with wholesome-looking fish, he sighed:

"If, now, I had these, I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other, eagerly.

"Only to tend this line till I come back. I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long, that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number.

Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said:

"I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you, whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but to cast a line for yourself."

THE REVIEWER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM HUBBARD BROTHERS, Philadelphia: "The Life and Labors of Dr. David Livingstone, the Great Explorer of Southern and Central Africa." By the Rev. J. E. Chambliss. This is a work of great interest and historic value, being an authentic narrative of the entire career of this remarkable man, carefully prepared from the most authentic sources, viz., Dr. Livingstone's own two large volumes, "South Africa" and "The Zambesi Expedition," and his "Last Journal," as also the Reports of the London Geographical Society, and nearly all the books of those travelers who have followed in the tracks of the Great Pioneer. The most noteworthy facts and important incidents in these various works have been gathered up, the very cream, as it were, of the wonderful history, all dry scientific details and other uninteresting matter omitted, and we have a thrilling narrative of the life-work of Dr. Livingstone, in connection with the history of the African continent, and its bearing on those great issues involved in the redemption of that continent from gloom and barbarism. This work contains over 800 large octavo pages, about 100 handsome illustrations, an accurate map of the whole region explored, and *fac similes* of Livingstone's last journal entries, and obtainable at a price within the scope of almost everybody.

FROM SHELDON & CO., PUBLISHERS, New York: "The Galaxy" for May, 1875, bright, fresh, and spring-like, in keeping with the fairest month of the twelve. The prominent feature of this number is the space given to biography, in which there are three most entertaining articles. The first of these, written by General Elie Reclus, so well known as an officer in the French Commune, sets forth the character of Louis II, the eccentric monarch who now rules over Bavaria. The second is a sketch of Salvator Rosa, one of the greatest of Italian painters, and the "Last of the Old Masters;" and the third is an equally attractive sketch, by another hand, of another great painter, the beautiful and gifted Angelica Kauffman, in whose singular history so much interest has been awakened by recent articles in the English magazines.

"Miss Clive and I" is the title of a charming story by an unknown contributor. An equally modest writer signs only her initials to a poem which few poets would be willing to disinherit if it were theirs.

There are poems by Bourdillon, the new English poet, John James Piatt, and Mrs. Mary B. Dodge. There are "Linguistics," by Richard Grant White. There are three serials, and finally, the usual quantum of political and society gossip, scientific and literary notes, and Nebula.

FROM SCRIBNER & CO., NEW YORK: "Scribner's Monthly" for May, 1875. A splendid number, and one with which it enters upon its tenth volume. The picture on the opening page is Gilbert Stuart's threefold portrait of Madam Patterson-Bonaparte, of Baltimore, one of the most conspicuous victims of the "great" Napoleon's selfish and unscrupulous ambition. The accompanying sketch of the "The Baltimore Bonapartes" is an authentic history of this interesting family, which may yet give France its emperor.

The New Paris Opera House is described, with pen and pencil, in the same number of Scribner. Though its architecture is flagrantly "French," it is still a marvelous building, and in all its arrangements and details worthy of careful study. The present description is rapid and uncritical, but gives a good idea of the general style and of the most curious and striking features of this "Temple of Song."

"Droogmakerij" is the title of Col. Waring's carefully prepared account of Haarlem Lake, "by much the largest operation of its kind ever undertaken by man." This paper, which includes the entire subject of draining in Holland, is particularly valuable to engineers and those interested in low lands along our coast; but the subject is so simply treated that the general reader will find it as interesting as a romance.

In the way of fiction we have two chapters of Dr. Holland's Story of Sevenoaks (in which there is more about Jim Fenton, and a new character is introduced); more of that exceedingly "Mysterious Island," by Jules Verne; an Electro-Mechanical romance by Charles Barnard, that is original in several features, and will be especially appreciated by railroad and telegraph people; and another story by the young New Orleans story-writer, George W. Cable, who has a field all to himself just now, and, what is more to the purpose, the genius that enables him to seize its artistic features.

"Some Old Letters" (these are genuine, by the way, and a later instalment will be accompanied by *fac similes*), and "Both Sides of the Shield," by Mrs. Davis, are the other prose contributions.

In the editorial pages, Dr. Holland writes about "Speaking Disrespectfully of the Equator," "Popular Arts," and "The Premium on Productive Culture." The Old Cabinet has something about "English Criticism of American Poetry," and "The Poet's Mind and Mood." A new department, entitled "The World's Work," takes the place of "Nature and Science," and "Etchings" gives way to "Bric-a-brac."

FROM CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia: "Nature and Life. A Series of Essays Relating to the Constitution of Matter, the New Dynamics, and the Philosophy of Nature. By Fernand Papillon. In this volume, under an elementary form, the author has given an exposition, in language freed from all technicalities, of the most essential truths established of late by physics, chemistry and biology, regarding the mechanism of natural forces, and the arrangement and combination of the fundamental springs of being in the world.

2, "Fungi. Their Nature and Uses." By M. C. Coke, M. A. This is one of the very valuable series of "International Scientific" works, prepared by eminent specialists, with the intention of popularizing information in their several branches of knowledge. Mr. Coke is a gentleman well known in this country, as well as in England, as the author of "Handbook of British Fungi."

3, "Outline of the Evolution Philosophy." By Dr. E. Cazelle (translated from the French by Rev. O. B. Frothingham). The distinguished author has given in the pages of this work a description of the character of the celebrated Herbert Spencer's doctrine of evolution, as contrasted with that of Auguste Comte, and it is undoubtedly an important contribution to the science of which it treats.

4. "Astronomy." Accompanied with numerous illustrations, a colored representation of the Solar, Stellar and Nebular Spectra, and Celestial Charts of the Northern and Southern Hemispheres. By J. Norman Lockyer, F. R. S. This is an eminently practical volume, to aid the student in identifying the stars and constellations, the five celestial charts of Arago, which answer all the purposes of a costly atlas of the heavens, are appended to this work. Directions are given for finding the most interesting objects in the heavens at certain hours on different evenings throughout the year. Published by D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

FROM JAS. R. OSGOOD & CO., Boston, Volume I of Publication of the United States Patent Association, containing "A Defence of the Patent System of the U. S." by John S. Perry, and "Our Country's Debt to Patents," by Henry Howson. This association grew out of the Patent Convention assembled in Washington January 15, 1874. One of the most important duties of the society is the collection of publication of statistical information in reference to the relation of patents to the manufacturing and productive industry of the country, with a view to demonstrate the effect of a liberal patent system in developing national prosperity.

RECEIPTS

GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

A SOLUTION of gum arabic will remove dirt and stains from marble. Let it remain till it dries, when it will peel off or can be washed off.

WHEN it is necessary to break a bottle, the quickest way is to soak a string in turpentine and tie it round the neck of the bottle, then set fire to the string and it will break in good shape.

THE appearance of old wall paper will be very much improved by rubbing it with a woolen cloth dipped in dry Indian meal. It removes the dust and smoke. Pieces of stale bread are equally efficacious.

TO PREVENT the smoking of a lamp, soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry well before you use it; it will then burn both sweet and pleasant, and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble of preparing.

A SURE CURE FOR CHILBLAINS AND NEURALGIA.—Take one ounce each of chloroform, hartshorn, turpentine, oil of spike, and sweet oil; shake well, and apply three or four times a day; heat in by the fire.

TO EXTRACT ink from cotton, silk and woolen goods, saturate the spots with spirits of turpentine, and let it remain several hours; then rub it between the hands. It will crumble away without injuring either the color or the texture of the article.

AN ECONOMICAL and effectual method of cleaning greasy cooking utensils, like kettles or spiders, is to use wood ashes with a little warm water instead of soap. After standing awhile, scrape and rinse out the ashes, and then only ordinary dish-water will be required.

WARTS may be cured thus: Immerse the parts on which the warts are developed in a strong solution of black soap. This causes a slight cauterization of the surface of the wart. The loosened tissue is to be removed and the application repeated every day till the cure is complete.

SAFETY requires that lamps be filled every day. As the oil burns down a highly inflammable gas is created on the surface, and if the oil is allowed to burn very low, it gives room for the collection of a quantity sufficient to cause an explosion, which a simple jar of the table will sometimes produce.

REMEDIES FOR COLIC IN HORSES.—In some cases of simple spasmodic colic, after a drink of cold water, exposure and the like, a stimulating anti-spasmodic drink will relieve, and nothing further will be necessary. A good formula is from one to two ounces of spirits of nitrous ether, twenty drops tincture of aconite, and ten ounces of water.

RAW EGG AS A HEAD OR HAIR WASH.—No wash for the head and hair is equal to that of the *whites* of a raw egg. First wash the head or hair with castile soap and warm water; dry off with towel; apply the white of the egg, rub it thoroughly until it is almost soapy, then wash out with clean warm water and finish with clean, cold water.

PERMANENT MARKING INK.—Dissolve one grain of nitrate of silver in three-quarters of an ounce of water; add to the solution as much liquid ammonia as will re-dissolve the precipitated oxide, with sap-green to color it, and gum-water to make the volume amount to one ounce. Traces written with this liquid should be first heated before the fire, to expel the excess of ammonia, and then exposed to the action of the sun to blacken.

TO EXTERMINATE BEETLES.—1. Place a few lumps of unslacked lime where they frequent.—2. Set a dish or trap, containing a little beer or syrup at the bottom, and place a few sticks slanting against its side, so as to form a sort of gangway for the beetles to crawl up by, when they will go headlong into the bait set for them.—3. Mix equal weights of red lead, sugar, and flour, and place it nightly near their haunts.

CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—Sulphate of quinine, twenty grains; elixir of vitriol, one drachm; dissolve the quinine in the elixir and add tincture of black cohash, fourteen drachms; mix and give twenty drops in a tablespoonful of water every two hours. Also the following liniment will be found beneficial: Chloroform, one ounce; tincture of aconite, one ounce; tincture of camphor, one ounce; laudanum, one ounce; rub over the parts affected two or three times a day.

MARK YOUR TOOLS.—You can easily mark your name upon steel by a process called etching. Coat over the tools with a thin layer of wax or hard tallow, by first warming the steel and rubbing on the wax; warm until it flows and let it cool. When hard, mark your name through the wax with a graver and apply some aquafortis (nitric acid); after a few moments wash off the acid thoroughly with water; warm the metal enough to melt the wax, and wipe it off with a soft rag. The letters will be found etched into the steel.

NEWS OF INTEREST

THERE is said to be a birth every five minutes and a death every eight minutes in London.

THE Spanish Government, by royal decree, has prohibited the importation of American potatoes into Spain.

IT is estimated that only 17 per cent. of the inhabitants of New York City are native born of native born parents, while nearly 83 per cent. are foreigners and the children of foreigners.

A PARISIAN family, while at dinner, were astonished at receiving the following letter: "M. AND MADAME: I have just learned that what I have cooked for veal is a piece of the butcher's little nephew, who was assassinated by his uncle, and sold in slices. I do not dare to come home. MARIE." Marie was the name of their servant. This horrible announcement created great consternation, and all the family began to feel pangs of indigestion, which were not allayed until it was discovered that the note was a hoax. The police are looking for the practical joker.

THE INK PLANT.—Some of our botanists are said to be engaged in the acclimatization of a plant brought from New Grenada, which will enter into competition with our ink manufacturers. It is the *Coriaria thymifolia*, or ink plant. The juice which is extracted from it, and which is called "canchi," is at first of a reddish tint, but in the space of a few hours assumes a hue of the deepest black, and can be used in its natural state without preparation. The merits of this canchi consists in its not affecting steel pens as the ordinary ink does, and besides, it will resist the action of time and the influence of chemical agencies.

SELF-WATERING LOCOMOTIVES.—The self-supplying water apparatus for locomotives is coming into use in this country. It consists of a water-trough from 800 to 1,300 feet long, laid between the tracks of the railway. As the engine passes along at a velocity of, say twenty miles an hour, over the trough, the fireman, by means of a lever, lowers one end of a pipe into the trough, and the water is carried up into the tender. The water is prevented from freezing in winter by means of steam-pipes. The use of this device, by saving time in stoppages, permits a more moderate average of speed, and so results in economy.

THE size of London, the metropolis of the British Empire, has often been remarked upon. It covers about seven hundred square miles, and has about four millions of inhabitants. It is said to have more Jews than Palestine has; more Roman Catholics than are in Rome; more Irish than are in Dublin, and more Scotchmen than are in Edinburgh. The port of London has every day upon its waters a thousand ships and nine thousand sailors. About 40,000 are added to its population every year. Twenty-eight miles of streets are opened every year, and nine thousand new houses are built. In its postal districts, 238,000,000 of letters are every year delivered. It has 120,000 habitual criminals, and as many beer shops and gin palaces as, placed with their fronts side by side, would extend seventy-three miles. Every year 88,000 drunkards are brought before its magistrates; and of its population it is calculated that at least a million are practically, if not theoretically, heathen.

SILK MANUFACTURE.—Next to Iron and its products, the people of the United States send to Europe more money every year for manufactured silks than any other single article imported thence. Some twelve million dollars per annum are paid to Great Britain alone for this article, besides large amounts to France and Italy. Attention having been called to this great outflow of money abroad for an article that ought to be produced at home, some capitalists in the East inaugurated the business of silk manufacture about twenty years ago, and though the progress has been slow, it has been steady, so that last year the production of manufactured goods, including ribbons, threads, organzine, etc., amounted to more than half the amount imported. At Hartford, Connecticut, one factory alone employs one thousand hands, and produces six hundred thousand yards of wide goods, besides a large quantity of ribbons, threads, etc. The raw silk used is principally imported from China, which country produces annually silk valued at eighty-five million dollars, two-thirds of which is exported to America and Europe.

SAND PIES.—It has been said that nature provided dirt for the special amusement of children. The authorities of St. Petersburg assist nature by making special provisions for the delectation of young Russians. A recent writer says: "St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, is the haven for children who have a propensity for making mud and sand pies. In many of the small public parks of that city there are, here and there, large open spaces covered with gravel. Every morning in each of these spaces may be seen a large pile of sand, cone shaped, about four feet high and six feet in diameter at the base. After breakfast all the children of the neighborhood, equipped with little spades, hatchets and wagons, repair to these cones, and employ themselves in digging them down and scattering the material, according to their fancy, over the gravel spaces. The next morning the cones are all up again ready for an assault. The city government provides the sand, and has it piled up in the cones each night. The result of this simple plan is that the children acquire a fondness for exercise and labor, and get that healthful open-air amusement so essential to their vitality in a city. Perhaps they also get the usual maternal spanking for soiling their clothes, but this is one of the sweets of the halcyon days of childhood that can be looked back to in after years without revengeful feelings."

"Who Will Suffer?"

IT IS NOW 27 YEARS SINCE DR. TOBIAS' Venetian Liniment was put before the public; warranting it to cure Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Old Sores, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest; and it never has failed. Sold by Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

OBSERVATIONS ON

NASAL CATARRH.

An abstract from a forthcoming work on diseases of the throat and air-passages, by A. N. WILLIAMSON, M. D., late Clinical Physician in the University Medical College, New York City. Mailed to any address for 10 cents. Address the author, 28 East 20th street, N. Y.

Dr. WILLIAMSON'S great success in the treatment of Catarrhal and throat and lung affections, renders valuable whatever comes from his pen."—*Journal of Medical Science.*

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PHILADELPHIA
1821
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Saturday Evening, May 15, 1875.

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THE GARDEN OF THE MIND.

There is no hour in which the force and beauty of analogy are felt with so much power and interest as that which we spend in a garden. Few tasks are more agreeable than that of comparing what is natural with what is mental. Possessing such a disposition, a man is as much a student when handling a spade or a pruning knife, as when using a pen or a book. It is from his own idleness if thorns and briars spring up in the natural garden instead of flowers and fruits; and it is the same with his intellect, it being his own fault if his mind produces only what is light, trifling, and useless, instead of what is elegant, and good, and useful. According to his own exertions, he will possess a garden or a wilderness. If the soil be stony ground, the more diligence and culture will be necessary, and even if it be good ground, it will soon become a waste unless it receive his unremitted attention.

Is it not astonishing that in spite of the most assiduous cultivation on the part of teachers, some children are found stubbornly ignorant, making no way, and bearing no blossom? And is it not as remarkable that others, with perhaps less of tutoring, keep ahead of their companions in their pursuit and acquirement of knowledge, exhibiting in themselves a fondness and an aptitude for learning, and a mental fertility perfectly harmless?

How much of this may be explained by what is termed *temperament*, and how much may be the result of an innate indolence or activity, is a question to be answered by those who have much experience in education.

Much may depend upon the gardener as well as the soil. One may be more competent to the care of a flower garden, another of an orchard; the one for what is elegant in manners, the other for what is useful for action.

If soils require the warmth of sunshine, the gentleness of showers, and the roughness of storms, so do minds, according to their different natures and conditions, need often to be rewarded by smiles, frequently to be assisted by good nature, and at times to be shaken and awed by punishment. They are only obstinate and sullen natures, however, that want the last, as they are the more hardy and stubborn plants and trees that require to be moved by the tempest to the very roots. As some plants are so tender as to require to be guarded against the weather—one needing the sun, another the shade—so do delicate minds call for a corresponding attention from the eye of an intelligent teacher to discover each alternation of strength and weakness.

TRUE BEAUTY.

It is not in pearl powder, nor in golden hair-dye, nor in jewelry. It cannot be got in a bottle or a box. It is pleasant to be handsome; but all beauty is not in prettiness. There is a higher beauty that makes us love people tenderly. Eyes, nose, hair or skin never did that yet, though it is pleasing to see fine features. What you are will make your face ever for you in the end, whether nature has made it plain or pretty. Good people are never ill-looking. Whatever their faces may be, an amiable expression atones for all. If they can be cheerful also, no one will love them the less because their features are not regular, or because they are too fat, or too thin, too pale, or too dark. Cultivation of the mind adds another charm to their faces, and, on the whole, if any girl is desirous of being liked by the many and loved by the one, it is more in her power than she may believe to accomplish that object. Cosmetics will not accomplish it, however. Neither will fine dress, though a woman who does not dress becomingly wrongs herself. Forced smiles and affected amiability will be of no avail; but if she can manage to feel kindly to everybody, not to be jealous, not to be cross, to be happy if possible, and to encourage contentment, then something will come into her face that will outlast youth's roses, and gain her not only a husband, but a life-long lover.

THE UNDER-CURRENT.

BY M. DE LYS.

Thoughts of mine, so wildly pressing
Through the mystery of my soul,
While my calm face, unconfessing,
Keeps the solemn secret whole.
Oft I ponder,
With vague wonder,
Whence ye come, and what ye mean;
Visions of my world unseen!

Are ye nothing? All the longing
And the deep, bewildering doubt?
Till the old child-faiths come thronging
Back, and oust the tempter out.
Is this dreaming?
Only seeming,
All the strong love, and the pain
Which can never sleep again.

Does all pass away unheeding,
Leaving no marks in its track?
Do the days, on days succeeding,
From the past call nothing back?
Not I only,
Sad and lonely,
In my weary soul bear trace
Of the wrestle and the race!

All, all passes, but in token
Of the long-lost dreams, there lie,
In my silent heart, unspoken
Words and thoughts that will not die.
Here the cherished
Hopes that perished
Ere those golden days were o'er,
Sleep enshrined for evermore.

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER NINE.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

How tired you are to-night.

You are thinking you were never so tired in your life; but you *have* been, many and many a time, and doubtless will be many and many a time again before you lie down to the long, deep rest with lids that will never be lifted any more, and happy, happy heart that can never ache again, though the world o'erflow with suffering and sin.

Every one in the house is sound asleep—every one but you. You have been softly to and fro, upstairs and down, to see if all are comfortably at rest, and if everything is quiet for the night, and now your own pillow is wooing you, and there is great, great need of rest—but you *cannot* rest. You are feverish, nervous, *worn out*. A sudden wind shaking the shutter of the window where you sit, startles you as if it were the ghost you used to dream of in the nights of trundle-bed memory, or in the days when you went truanting from the summer tasks at school; but it shakes out over you the sweets of song and fragrance, and soothes you, after all.

The night is warm and its air oppressive.

A cricket chirps somewhere in the silence, and it makes the silence lonesome. The half-moon peers down at you through the ragged locust boughs that for years have shaded—for a little time in summer—the home of your labor and your love, and you watch it from the casement with eyes too sad for weeping, and with a wonder growing in your heart as to how all this is to end, and where.

You are so very, *very* tired—you are so very, very hopeless.

If I were to kneel beside you in the moonlight now, with my arms about you, and my very heart your own in woman's tenderest, truest sympathy, and if I were to say—so softly that only you and God could hear—"Let me know what troubles you, that we may weep together while we watch for some sweet way out of the dark," you could not tell me much—for there is not much to tell.

No *great* sorrow has ever come to you. Your dear ones live, and love you. You have a home of your own, and it is not every woman who can say so much. It is not an elegant home. Its furniture is old-fashioned and growing shabby, and you cannot modernize it, for *he* does not care, and *he* holds the purse.

You have worked hard all your married life. It has been the same old story with you day after day for years and years together, and you have grown tired of it! That is all. You have risen early in the mornings — have cooked, washed, scrubbed, made and mended stockings, petticoats and pants; dressed and undressed the children, doing all this often, too, when it seemed you *could* not for uneasiness and pain. But there was no relief; and you have begun to think there never will be till you are dead and buried so deep and close that no call, no cry, no stern demand can reach you.

You do not always feel thus. Sometimes the singing birds of joy wake early in your heart, and cheer you the whole day long. You build castles, and you weave romances—not for yourself to inhabit and to realize, but for the children who will be men and women some day if the dear God will.

In the old days you thought of, hoped and planned for *yourself;* now it is *the children*, and the children alone who hold the heart of your ambition. In the old days you said, "I will make of myself this, that, or the other, for I have gifts, and they are goodly; I have graces and they shall count; I have youth, strength, courage, hope, *everything* that woman needs to make for herself a high and honored place in the land whose fields are many and whose laborers are few." But love came and sought you, and found you!

"He entreated you passing fair,
It was for him that you braided
The heather bloom into your hair."

But only for a time.

The years went by, and the print of their feet was heavy on your forehead, and in your heart. You meant to be, and you have been a good wife, and a tender, true mother; but you have not been able, always, to feel that you were filling just the niche for which the Master meant you. Few of us are; and that is the pity of it all.

And you?

You hear of women—sometimes you read of them, but you get little time for that—noble, brave women, whose names are household words; women whose lives seem lived sublimely; whose sympathies are for the wide world's comforting; whose works are for the wide world's helping in time and in eternity—and you say, "I might have been such an one with only half a chance!"

But the half chance never came to you, and you never have thought, perhaps, how

"The grape yields not its treasure,
Till as the life blood from its heart is prest,
And agony which knows not stint nor measure,
Wrings out strange music from the human breast."

"But life is such a weary thing," you say. "To-day's events succeeded yesterday's, but did not differ from them. There was the same treadmill of 'toil without recompense,' up and down, in and out, hither and yon," and nobody any the better or the happier for it all, as you can tell, or know. If you were to die to-night, to be carried out bodily and forever to-morrow from the home that has known you so many years, and known you to have been true and faithful through them all—*somebody* (you even fancy you can guess who) would take your place, and everything would move on just as of old, nobody naming you, even after awhile.

So you think to-night, because you are tired, body and soul. But to-morrow, when the little ones come crowding around you, clamoring for this and for that, and for kisses and caresses, too, seeming so happy because you live and love them, you will wonder how you could ever have felt for an instant that another could fill your place in *their* lives; and, straining them to your heart, you will pray God for forgiveness and for patience, vowing to be worthy—if any woman can be—of the great, good gift of children.

But you are overtasked, and you cannot help feeling it. Sometimes you cannot help staggering under the burdens heaped upon you; sometimes you fall prone to the dust beneath them, and cry out, as to-night, "How long, O Lord, how long?" and for answer you have the white moon up in heaven, the breath of flowers, the soothing fingers of the wind upon the fever of your cheek, and near you, you cannot tell from where, from whom, but nearer to your soul it seems than any whisper ever came before, "Whatever *He* wills *is best.*"

"Steal away, steal away, steal away. Then steal away, give little warning!
Choose thine own time, O, Time,
Say not 'Good Night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good Morning.'"

The large, slow tears drip from your lifted eyes—

"A smile, strange and sweet
As the incense that rises from some sacred cup
And mixes with music, steals forth, and breathes up
Your whole face."

The Father's voice has found you!

* * * * *

Midnight is with the world again, and you are fast asleep. The phantom of a smile plays around your lips, but tears yet linger in the hollows under your eyes—the hollows dug by pain and care, and not filled up, as they might have been, by an ever-tender thought of your comfort and your joy.

He loves you? I do not know. Men *say* they love women—some men, I mean—and yet they look placidly on and see the roses go out of their cheeks, with no effort to detain them; see the weary, overtasked bodies bend, break and go down into the rest of death—the only rest they will ever find—without ever so much (or so little) as an "I am *so* sorry for you!"

That this, in many instances, is the result of thoughtlessness, must be admitted, but the thoughtlessness is inexcusable—I had almost said *unforgivable.*

Man's work is finished with the setting of the sun; *woman's* never is ended till the breath leaves her body that has borne for years the burdens that should have been divided among many, and her poor starved soul goes up to the great Redresser of human wrong.

Such cases may be exceptions to the rule, but in country places—if my ears and eyes have not deceived me basely—the rule is the exception.

There is no thought of how the *soul* needs change of food—the soul as well as the body—for its proper sustenance and development; how, if it cannot find it, it feeds upon the body that holds it and upon the delicate tissues of its own caged life; and how the filling of asylums for the insane and of churchyards over the land is the outgrowth of this very lack of thought, may be, *lack of care.*

A little relaxation now and then; a little journey to new scenes, new faces, and new ideas; a little let-up of the great storm of cares and responsibilities that is beating the hope and the life out from many an overworked woman's heart, would be the best investment of time and money that could possibly be made, and its interest would be heaped upon you in home's undreamed of sweetness and delight.

But if this cannot be, and if life must go on unto its earthly end in the same weary way, it is comforting to remember that—

"No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened. No star
[illegible]
And set without influence somewhere. Who
knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?
No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its
strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
* * Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the
morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hand
they make weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they
leave dreary?
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the
Spirit
Echo: He that overcometh, shall all things inherit."

THE P. P. AS A P. P.

BY REV. DR. BADGER.

Brevity may be the soul of wit, but it is the soul and body of a title. At the risk, therefore, of being suspected of a reference to Peter Piper as a pepper picker, we have ventured to abbreviate a heading which no regularly constituted column would accommodate. "The Periodical Press as a Popular Preceptor," a theme upon which we have more than once meditated ourself comfortably into a doze, is one that merits the reflection of the reading public. Not to dwell upon the varied and valuable information afforded by professedly scientific and instructive magazines, every weekly paper has its correspondents' column, devoted to telling people exactly what they want to know. This is often the most valuable part of the paper, and not seldom the most entertaining also. By a little skill in the use of its facilities, quite a liberal education seems to be within reach of anybody.

Its secret history, being an account of how and by whom the questions were answered, and of how they happened to be asked, would doubtless make an amusing and instructive volume, and if the answers could be done by machinery, as poetry is sometimes said to be written, that particular piece of mechanism would be preeminently a labor-saving invention.

The column is not a new idea in journalism. Thackeray refers to its existence in a periodical of the days when Swift was raging inwardly at the humiliations of a tutor's place in a household of rank, and Sir Richard Steele, then plain "Dick," riding in ranks of another kind, was getting up the material for his "Christian Hero."

Old as it is, so far from going out of fashion, as the Spectator, we are afraid, has long been doing, this specialty is more popular than ever; and it deserves its popularity, to which its first claim is, that it gives information in the best possible way. There is a certain charm about that system of question and answer. It excites the curiosity. It prepares the mind to receive an impression. It is the preliminary stretching and moistening by which our mental bi an paper is made ready for the inked types.

X. wants to know what led to the supposition that the moon might consist of cheese. You instinctively institute a comparison between X.'s attainments and your own. You suppose the question put to yourself, and ask yourself in confidence: "Could I have favored X. with the required information?" If you are no wiser than he, you begin to share his curiosity. You never happened to think about it before; indeed, you confess—to yourself—that since leaving school your mental orrery has rather got out of order, but, now that X. "wants to know," you also want to know, and in this state of mind you read the answer which enlightens X., and you with him.

The attention once fairly awakened, the information is given in such a way as greatly to aid the memory. Of necessity, and lest it should "stand over to be answered in our next," the query is replied to concisely. A diffuse style would be powerfully and usefully disciplined by a few weeks' editorial work on the Correspondents' Column. Its motto is "multum in parvo," which means, "E pluribus unum," or that many words must be crowded into one. Some of the replies are marvels of condensation, a literary feat which must be tried to be appreciated. And this very conciseness is of great value from its suggestive nature. Only a dull, a careless, or a preoccupied mind will rest satisfied with a short statement, however comprehensive, after its curiosity is once fairly set guessing.

"M. G. B.," for instance, wishes to be illuminated on calcium lights. That wish is thus gratified: "Calcium is the metallic base of lime. It may be obtained by passing the vapor of potassium at red heat over quick lime, contained in an iron tube filled with hydrogen. Heated beyond its fusing point, it burns with a very brilliant white light."

An embryo Farraday or Agassiz happens upon this paragraph, and repeats to himself: "'metallic base,' 'vapor of potassium,' 'quick lime in a tube filled with hydrogen,' but if the tube is filled with hydrogen, how can there be room for the quick lime, and what is meant by 'passing a vapor?'"

And so, from question to question, if he fails to think it all out, and find it all and himself out, at the same time, it is not because the Correspondents' Column in his weekly story paper has failed to give his mind an impulse in the right direction.

Or Miss Anna G., Rochester, is waiting in anxious suspense for the answer that shall decide her hopes of success in the world of letters. Imagine the relief afforded by such reply as the following from a Chicago paper, evidently edited by gentlemen:

"Your favor was received several days ago. We are always glad to hear from you. Your other contributions will be used when a favorable opportunity is presented."

Clearly Miss Anna has talent, or you may depend upon it she would not receive assurances of that kind from any periodical. Yet she has much to learn, and mark how courteously the Chicago editor goes on to educate her out of a certain tendency to languish and despond, common to newly-fledged poets. "Young writers have a great many obstacles and discouragements to contend with. It is not always the best articles that are the most popular. Readers as a rule prefer something written in a spicy and amusing strain rather than lachrymose and melancholy effusions that look upon the shady side of human nature." In years to come Miss Anna will be grateful for this advice.

But, in addition to the cultivation of the popular mind, two important duties are fulfilled by this column, one to the manners and the other to the morals of society. "Y" has had a lively discussion with a friend as to: 1. The propriety under any possible circumstances of being served with soup twice at the same dinner; also, 2. Whether it is always wrong to sip it from your spoon audibly. He is answered; and many worthy people are answered with him, as to the No. 1; while the benighted heathens, to whom No. 2 conveys information, stand rebuked in a manner, which, it is to be hoped, will make them for the future less unpleasant neighbors at dinner. A graver matter is that of Shamus, who is thus advised:

"We would not counsel you to continue your attentions to the young lady. Your company is evidently distasteful to her, and if you are a gentleman you will cease to annoy her."

More serious, still, is the case of "T. K. F.:"

"You had better drop the society of the young men at present, and attend to your schoolbooks. All clandestine meetings of the character you mention are wrong."

Well will it be for Miss T. if she heed that "gentle warning."

But "C. G." has been guilty of moral obliquity, to call it by no harsher name. He has transferred his affections from one lady to another, and wants to know why the first has not cut his acquaintance. His obvious twinges of conscience are still further stimulated by the hint: "She has probably found out by this time *that she did not love much*, and does not want the acquaintance to appear to close abruptly."

And yet, after all this, and much more, "A Mother" asks:

"Is the influence of periodical literature good?"

To such a correspondent there can be but one answer, "That of good periodical literature is very good;" for the Correspondents' Column is but the keynote to all the other columns in every respectable weekly; and such is its learning and wisdom — another name for common sense—that, like Old Probabilities, it might correctly be personified as a venerable, white-bearded sage, robed in the mantle of classical attainments, surrounded by the paraphernalia of science, and with many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore; prepared to solve every difficulty, and endeared to an appreciating public under the designation of "Fa(r)ther Correspondence."

THE COUNTENANCE.

A queer thing is the human countenance. It is described in every measure of admiration and disgust, as sad or silly funny or foolish, morose or melancholy, stupid or sheepish, gay or guilty, dull or downcast, inexpressible or intellectual. The kind of countenance a woman carries is very important. First impressions are everything, and they are based principally upon the expressions of the countenance. For instance, by general consent it is deemed creditable to a young lady to be happy; it is assumed as a matter of course that she is perfect, or nearly so, who is never ruffled in mind by cross winds of life; hence she is careful, before the public, to carry a smiling countenance. A sweet, smiling countenance is pleasant to look upon; even incorrigible old bachelors sometimes soften down under its genial influence; but when a smile by long and forced practice gets simmered down to a simper, it becomes stale and insipid—it is in fact silly; and who would like to carry a silly countenance?

Above all things, a well regulated, pleasant countenance, without a smile, is the best possible recommendation for a woman. When we meet a woman with a nose a good deal turned up, and vinegar strongly marked in the countenance, we involuntarily conclude that there is not much happiness in the household over which she presides. When we meet a young lady with an airy countenance with a strong tendency to simper, we are inclined to think that there is not much probability of her having a household to preside over.

On the whole, the countenance is a great institution, and though it is not even skin deep, it yet is a great tell-tale, and often makes or mars a fortune—or a wedding—for the fortunate or unfortunate possessor. The countenance speaks the heart; and, therefore, to be able always to carry an agreeable one to recommend you, be sure that the heart is right towards all your fellow creatures.

MARRIED LIFE.—Caresses and attentions, and all the pretty follies of love, are for the idle hours and the cloudless sunshine; but the silent sweetness of married friendship is that for which men look in dark days, and the treasure on which they rest. Why cannot women learn reliance, they think? Why must they always need to be told again and again that which they already know, and begin to doubt as soon as they cease to hear? This is the first contest of natures in married life, but it is one wherein, if the woman is wise, she will yield without a murmur, and hide her disappointment as carefully as the Spartan boy hid his fox.

THE fixed purpose sways and bends all circumstances to its use, as the wind bends the reeds and rushes beneath it.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

It was thousands of years ago, but the time of year was at the ripening of oranges. An orange tree stood with its weight of golden fruit looking down on a plain little plant that grew in its shade, and in pride contemptuously said: "Nothing but leaves."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the plain little plant, and through every delicate fibre of its wood, and along every vein of its leaves, it felt a sharp, painful thrill, for it perceived, for the first time, that it bore no fruit—"nothing but leaves."

Soon all other plants whispered: "Nothing but leaves," and all other trees whispered: "Nothing but leaves," until the poor little plant, of which I speak, was almost ready to die of grief.

At length, one sunny day, when the oranges were fully ripened, two men came to gather them, and with one of the men came a child, a bright-eyed little boy.

After the oranges were gathered, the three sat down and began to regale themselves with the luscious fruit, "How much better," said one, "to be an orange tree and bear such delicious fruit, than to bear, like this little plant, 'nothing but leaves.'"

His companion made reply, and they talked long of the orange tree, but the bright-eyed little boy said nothing, he only sat and thought.

The good angels, who have charge of the kingdom of trees, were sorry at the grief of the despised little plant, and one of them said:

"Do not mourn, little plant, that you bear 'nothing but leaves,' for you have virtues far greater than are the virtues of fruit trees."

"But," said the little plant, "how are people ever to know of this; hidden virtues are hardly of value."

Then the good angel said:

"Sorrow no more, for the time shall come when all, even men, shall forget, as they speak of your virtues, that those virtues consist in 'nothing but leaves.' I will tell them to yonder child, for children can understand every language in the kingdom of nature, and when he is a man, he may remember what I say, and speak of you in the kingdoms of men."

Then the angel whispered the great secret to the child, and ever after there was often a new and wonderful light in his eyes, and men, I think, wondered what it could portend, but when he was a man he told the virtues of the plant in the kingdoms of men, and men told them to the world.

Thus the despised little plant, namely, the tea plant, that bore 'nothing but leaves,' came at last to far greater honor than any other plant or shrub, vine or trees, because its leaves were good leaves.

ADDRESS TO TREES.

Orange trees are excellent things, but an orange tree bearing 'nothing but leaves' wouldn't be worth much: Therefore, let orange trees bear oranges.

Oranges and tea leaves can't grow on the same tree, but let the tea plant bear tea leaves and not oranges. In conclusion, follow nature.

If you are a fruit tree, bear fruit, but if you are not a fruit tree, bear 'nothing but leaves,' especially if those leaves be good leaves—tea leaves.

A THOUGHT.

When the day dawns, and we arise to find the sky clear and the bright hours all before us, how loath we are to lie down upon our pillow again.

There are so many things to do—such pleasant things some of them.

Our friends are coming, or we are going to visit them; there is a walk, or a drive, or a little feast in prospect.

It seems so pleasant to be awake!

But when the day has gone, and night has come again, we are generally ready for it.

We are, at best, tired with our frolic, or our pleasure.

Ten to one we are disappointed in something. Some little unpleasant incident has marred the brightest hour.

Some skeleton has taken its seat at the feast, or peeped out of a secret closet.

It is so delightful to fling off the finery it rejoiced us to put on; to put out the light and lie down, courting slumber.

So though, in the heyday of life, we dread that last long, quiet sleep, no doubt those who live to be old hail it as their best friend.

The loves and hopes of early life have ended in disappointment.

Their dear ones have left them alone.

The life that seemed so sweet has changed to bitterness, and all the sweetness is with death.

Just as we wearily climb the bedroom stairs with our tired feet, so we will climb life's last steps.

We have danced and toiled alternately; we are as tired of our joy as of our sorrow, and we will hail repose eternal, as we hailed the repose of the night when life was all before us.

DISCOURTESY.

This is a very common sin among us, and it arises, principally, from serious defects in our life. We speak to men harshly; we are irritable and impatient; we are domineering; we wound their feelings; we sneer at them; we make a jest of their failures and imperfections; we treat them contemptuously; we make an ostentatious use of our power over them; we compel them to feel—and we do it intentionally—that we attach not the slightest value to their judgment; and that we have no desire to give them pleasure. We do not know that those who are guilty of these offences are likely to be much influenced by the consideration of the pain and annoyance which they inflict on others by this treatment of them; and yet they ought to remember that a great part of the misery of the world arises from the wanton disregard of the claims of every man to consideration and respect. Harsh words, spoken recklessly and in haste, rankle in the memory like a wound. Such treatment as this is as hard to endure as a perpetual east wind. It destroys all the brightness and pleasantness of life, and condemns those who are subjected to it to a dull and monotonous wretchedness.

A GOOD man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, and at times grieved at it, but no man is ever discontented with the world if he does his duty in it.

WE are only competent to judge another's conduct when we thoroughly comprehend the motives that prompted his actions.

MARGRETTA

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

Pretty little golden-haired Margretta lived on the seashore, in an old castle standing high on a rock, and knew nothing of the world, or ever dreamed that she was lovely, and so good that all Fairyland was talking about it. But one day came a grasshopper, wearing Queen Lilla's livery, post-haste from Fairyland, and blew his little trumpet shrilly before the castle gate; for on the third day from that (which was Margretta's birthday), the Queen was coming with all her fairy court to keep her birthday, and with her was coming a Fairy Prince who loved Margretta, and wished to make her his Queen.

But the wicked sea elves, on hearing this, were very crazy and jealous; and, said the mermaids, "Who is this languishing Margretta, with her blue eyes and yellow hair, that the Fairy queen should keep her birthday? She knows nothing; she cannot tell a falsehood, she has not even a tail, and as for a Queen, we could make a better one out of seaweed."

And all the mermaids, sea elves, and evil-minded spirits of the fog and mist, put their heads together, and whispered and vowed that Margretta should never marry the Fairy Prince.

So, as Margretta sat spinning at her golden wheel, the sea gulls began to fly around and around the castle, screaming hoarsely, "In the right tower of the castle is an oaken chest! In the right tower of the castle is an oaken chest!"

"So there is," said Margretta, stopping her spinning; "but I wonder what of it?"

"Margretta spins all day," cried the sea gulls; "never thinks to look in it, though it is under her very nose."

"And why should I look in it?" quoth the simple Magretta.

"And yet it is so easy," chattered the gulls. "She has only to lay a sprig of ivy on the lid after twelve o'clock to-night, and the chest will open of itself."

"What is in it?" asked Margretta; but the sea gulls all flew away screaming at that, without making her answer.

All that day the child could hardly spin, so busy was she in wondering what could be in the chest; and when her nurse brought her her dinner, "What is in the old oaken chest that stands in the right hand tower of the castle?" asked Margretta.

"Dear help us! how should I know?" cried the dame. "It has stood there these hundred years; the key is lost, and it can only be opened by a spell."

"What is the spell?" said Margretta.

"Dear heart! what has put the oaken chest into your silly little head?" answered her nurse, getting vexed. "You had better come and eat your dinner; and if you must think, think about the Fairy Prince whom Queen Lilla will bring with her."

Margretta ate her dinner, and spun till nightfall. Then she put away her wheel, and asked her nurse once more about the oaken chest.

"Go to bed, child," cried the dame, now really cross. "I know nothing about your chests and right-hand towers."

Margretta went to bed; but she only shut one eye, and kept the other open, which is a very hard thing to do when you are asleep, but she had learned how of an old owl who lived close by; and when the clock struck twelve, she opened both eyes wide, and getting up, plucked a sprig of ivy from the castle wall, and laid it on the chest. In a flash, up flew the lid, and there came out the ugliest sea elf that she had ever seen.

"Thanks," said the creature, quivering; "I have been shut up here so long that I was getting tired."

At this, Margretta tried to run away, but she was so frightened that she could not stir, and the elf, plucking out its long, coarse hair, tied her hands fast, and drove her down to the seashore. There he took from her her necklace of pearl and her gray dress, and as soon as he had on these, his coarse hair grew fine and golden, his wicked eyes soft and blue; in short, he had changed into Margretta's double, so that, looking at him, she saw herself, as if looking in the glass; but he could not get away from her her little red slippers, because they had been given her by the Fairy Queen. So his ugly, wide, webbed feet remained the same as before, but as her long gown hid them, that did not so much matter. Then he gave Margretta a great push, and down she went to the very bottom of the sea.

Once there, all the mermaids came swimming about her to sneer at her.

"Is that the beauty," they cried, "whom the Fairy Prince is to marry—a thing with no shape? Why, she has feet, and no manner! See how she hangs her head—a poor, simple fool, too, to be cheated by a flock of chattering gulls!"

At which they all laughed, and swam away, tossing up their pretty heads to show their disdain, though Margretta was almost sorry to have them go, for she was afraid of the great black whale whom they had made her gaoler. Her prison was a little coral bower, with seaweed trailing all down about the sides, and a floor of shells; a pretty place, but a little damp; and it was unpleasant, besides, to have all the fish swimming in to stare at her out of their great glassy eyes, and then swim away again. There was no getting out, however, with that great whale lying right across the door. And she began to sing, and she sang so sweetly that all the fish came to the grotto to listen, and the mermaids were fit to die of spite, while the sea elves began to be sorry that they had played her such a cruel trick; and it happened that the Witch of the Sea, who was passing that way, heard her also, and came to see who it was.

"You can't come in here," said the whale.

"Nonsense," answered the Witch, giving him a touch with her wand that made him roll over in a hurry. She was a very frightful old woman, as thin as a match, with a complexion like a toad, green eyes, a wide mouth, and skinny hands that were always clutching.

"Become a fish," she said to Margretta, as she touched her with her wand of power. "Swim to the shore, and, as you touch it, take your natural shape again."

And in a moment Margretta's arms were fins, and she had a speckled back and glassy eyes, and swam out of the grotto past the whale, who came after her blowing and foaming, opening his great mouth to eat her up. But Margretta swam so fast that he could not catch her, though all the mermaids were screaming:

"Swallow her! eat her! make mincemeat of her!"

And getting to the shore, the moment that she touched it she became herself, beautiful as before.

Then she remembered that by this time the Fairy Queen and her Court must be at the castle, and ran home at the top of her speed. But, in the meantime, the wicked elf whom she had let out of the oaken chest had gone back to the castle in the shape of Margretta; and he boxed the servants's ears, and scolded the nurse, till they all thought her bewitched. When the Fairy Queen came, he would not kiss her, knowing that the touch of her lips would dissolve the charm, and force him to take his old shape again. When he was asked to sing, he began screeching in such an unearthly voice, that every one stopped their ears. He would not sit quietly at table, or dance with the Prince. The Fairy Queen was puzzled, and the Fairy Prince angry.

"Is this the miracle of goodness and beauty?" he cried. "She has golden hair and blue eyes, but she looks out of them like a fiend. She shall be no Queen of mine."

Just then came Margretta running in at the gate, and everybody stared at seeing two Margarettas so exactly alike, that one could not be told from the other.

"Turn her out!" cried the elf; "this is an impostor!"

But Margretta cried out to the Fairy Queen:

"Dear godmother, don't you know me? This wicked elf wears my gown and pearls indeed, but here are the slippers you gave me."

She put out her foot with the little red slippers.

"Let the other Margretta show her feet," cried everybody.

And lo! they were wide, and ugly and webbed.

Then said the Fairy Prince, taking the true Margretta by the hand, "This shall be my Queen;" while the Fairy Queen laid a second spell on the wicked sea elf, and shut him up once more in the oaken chest, where he has stayed ever since, without ever once getting out.

PRESERVE your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul, and is suffered to dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand more iniquities.

SIMON GIRTY,

THE RENEGADE.

An Historical Tale of the Border.

By CHARLES McKNIGHT, Esq.,

Author of "Old Fort Du Quesne."

CHAPTER LXXIV.—[CONTINUED.]

A bright morrow followed to mend the aspect of the camp. Fires were soon blazing brightly. Game, which was very abundant, had been shot and spitted, and all were busy drying, mending, eating and putting things to rights. The scouts from the creek soon appeared to announce the departure of the victorious enemy; and it was at once resolved to spend a whole day where they were.

Indeed, it would have been inconvenient for this shattered force to move immediately. Many were stiff from wounds, while the others were tired, sullen and dejected, sleepily lounging away the day under the trees. Some few revisited the scene of last night's encounter to care for their own dead, or procure scalps from the enemy's dead. The report they brought was far from encouraging—not a single scalp was obtained, but they found a row of fourteen of their own number, and every one despoiled.

Girty had passed a most wretched night. Racked with pain, tormented with thirst, and suffering mentally all the pangs which would naturally arise from such a disastrious defeat, Mrs. Malott had found him in the morning tossing with fever-parched lips, blood-shot eyes, and bandages worked off. He was cross, sullen and gloomy. Under this lady's kind and skillful nursing, and by the aid of a tender broil of venison and a broth prepared by Mrs. Dorman, he became towards noon much easier and more cheerful. He said little, however; but his frequent groans, growls and strong exclamations proved that he was keeping up a desperate thinking.

The Hermit was nearly as much distressed as Girty. His fearful wound, his many bruises and his painful, straightened position had all contributed to deprive him of rest. His despairing face looked pinched and haggard, while the fierce lustrous fire of his corroding hate seemed now to have utterly died out of his eyes. They were dull, leaden and sunk deep in their cavernous sockets.

In fact, the wretched sufferer sadly needed attention and careful nursing. He looked so ghastly and inexpressibly sad that, had Girty seen him then, even *his* flinty heart would have melted and gone out in pity towards him. It seemed as if his devouring and long-continued passion had about consumed him.

But even Mrs. Malott and Mrs. Dorman were unaware of his condition—and even of his presence there. He was zealously kept secluded, lying on his back among some wild plum trees away over in the Indian quarters.

After the evening meal there seemed to be a growing stir and excitement among the group of dusky and embittered warriors. The fire was fed with fat wood, and its crackling flames blazed higher and higher. Shadowy figures began to flit to and fro, strongly revealed against the surrounding blackness. The dull, monotonous beat of the redmen's drum, and their wild, unearthly and singularly impressive chants filled the air. They were now on their feet, engaged in their peculiar dances. Every swing about the scalping-post, accomplished in short, jerky jumps and accompanied by barks, yells and whoops, increased the excitement.

Mrs. Malott, who had been diligently engaged, in a rough but hastily thrown up, in changing the dressings of Girty's wounds and preparing him for the night's rest, was drawn to the entrance by the terrible racket. It actually seemed to her that such a state of fury could not be reached without the aid of maddening liquors, and she had asked Girty if it were possible they could be drunk with rum. No, he said it was only their common custom; but they were now unusually soured by their defeat and wounds.

Even as she was gazing, there came a wilder, more blood-curdling yell, and a sudden, tumultuous rush was made to one side. They soon reappeared, dragging along the unfortunate Malott, leaping and screeching about him like so many devils. They paused right in front of the bright fire. Mrs. Malott started back with surprise and affright. It was the first she had either seen or known of a captive.

"Great Heavens, Girty!" she cried in dismay, "they are dragging some poor white man out of the woods. What on earth does it mean?"

"Means a prisoner, I reckon," growled out the Renegade in his very gruffest and raspiest tones, while studiously keeping his face turned away, and a bearskin drawn partly over his bandaged head. "Is it so deuced odd, widow, that a gang like mine should take an enemy? it's about all we *have* taken, and nothing to what we've lost by a blamed sight."

"Why, Girty," she said reproachfully, "you never told me this."

"Lots more things, ma'm, I've never told ye," jerked out Girty with a vicious snap. "If I'd a known you were so curous, I would have told ye that we've catched the bloodiest and snakiest foe to our tribes—a desprit fellow who's squatted and crawled for the last two years on the big Ohio trails, and picked off more'n a score of our best "braves." Lifting scalps, too, in the good old fashion wouldn't suit this peaky rascal, but he must slice off ears. I hate him like I do the Devil—yes, worse, far worse," he continued with a hoarse and sneering chuckle, "for sometimes I'm on the most friendly terms with His Infernal Majesty."

"Why, Girty, you're in a very ugly mood to-night. You should remember you are speaking to a lady, and one, too, who may be—" she could not finish the sentence.

"My mother-in-law, you were going to say. Well, that's so, ma'm; and ye must excuse poor Girty when he's bruised to a mummy and's riddled with lead and slashed with knives. He don't feel much as if he were going to a wedding, that's sartain. An Injun torture couldn't be worse."

"Yes; but, Girty, tell me, please, what they're going to do with that—"

"Now, see here, Widow Malott, ye'd best go to yer lodge and childer. I heerd Nell a cryin' right sharp a bit back. That ear clipper over there is a wild, starved, half-crazy ghost of a creature, and's not worth a thought from such a one as you."

"Poor unfortunate! So much the worse, I tell you." Then going up to his rude couch, she resolutely laid her hand on his shoulder, and said quietly but solemnly: "Girty, look at me! I ask you again, what are those savages going to do with him?"

The outlaw, as if driven to bay by such inconvenient questionings, turned him about scowlingly, but with a certain shamed look, too, on his weather-beaten visage, and snapped out:—

"Going to torture him, I guess. Would you have 'em give him a new popper and sticker, and load him down with deer meat so's he could commence murdering agin. That's not Injun style, and by—it's not *my* style, woman, neither." He then added in a low grumble, and as if deprecatingly:—"The cursed fellows promised me they wouldn't begin on him till arter you wimmen were asleep."

Mrs. Malott stood horror-stricken—almost like an avenging Nemesis: "Torture him! Why, men, you don't—you can't mean it! 'Women asleep'! Why, that's worse and worse! It makes *you* as bad as *they*!"

"Oh, worse, far worse, don't it?" sneered out Girty, stirred to his very depths by this tender woman's conscience. "I'd like to know how I could help it. Don't push me too far, ma'm. I'm sick and sore and cross-grained, and you couldn't a come on me at a worse—"

"Go, Girty, go!" impatiently interrupted his companion, catching him by the arm, and hearing nothing but the Indian yells, which seemed to load the very air and to be getting fiercer and more devilish. "You *are* a kind, good-hearted man when away from the drink. Assert your better nature and stop these savage, inhuman atrocities. If not for your own sake, Girty, go for God's sake, for your own sake," and then stooping towards him and whispering into his ear, "for Kate's sake, go! What would that young, tender girl think of—"

"Don't crowd me too much, ma'm, *don't*. D—d ef it's fair — you don't know!" interrupted Girty hastily, and with a groan, while burying his agitated face in his hands. "I tell ye, woman, I'm just nowhere after this horrible beating we've had. Never seen my men so savage, cantankerous and cut-up like. Ef I dared to stop 'em, they'd turn on me like a pack of hungry wolves and tear me to pieces. No! no! Mrs. Malott, let 'em alone this time, and I'll take you and Kate and the childer to Detroit and quit this horrible life. Won't that do?" he added, with actual feeling, and with a troubled look upon his face and an appealing look in his attitude.

"No, Girty," she answered sadly, "it may do for *you*, but not for *me*. I see and understand your difficulties, and won't blame you, too,—there! listen to that ear-piercing shriek! Good Heavens! they've kindled a circle of fire about the poor wretch, and are going to burn him. I'll hurry up myself. God help me! Maybe they'll listen to a woman! Good-bye, or I'll be too late!"

"Stop! stop! mad woman!" roared Girty. "Ye might as well talk to them winds soughing through the trees, or to them flames. D—n it, she's gone. They'll kill her shure's shootin'. I'll huddle on my duds and after her."

LIFE'S SPRINGTIME.

CHAPTER LXXV.

MRS. MALOTT MAKES A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

Mrs. Malott, moved by the noblest and most unselfish feeling which can actuate human conduct, sped rapidly across the interval that separated her from the yelling savages. Passing the first fire, she came in view of the second, and for a moment stood paralyzed at the appalling sight which burst upon her startled vision.

Around a sapling, and at a distance from it of several yards, was burning a circle of hickory poles. Near the tree stood the poor Hermit, his hands bound behind his back and a leather thong fastened—one end to the foot of the post and the other to his wrists. This thong was long enough to enable him to sit down or walk around the tree once or twice and return the same way.

The poor fellow was stripped entirely naked—saving only a breech-clout about his loins. His figure was gaunt and emaciated, and his skin—at least that part which had not been subject to exposure, was unusually white and glistened in the fire-light. He stood quietly by the tree, sad, passive and indifferent—his eyes cast down and his whole attitude expressing weakness and despair. Only his lips seemed to be moving, doubtless in supplication to his God.

Around him danced the whole band of red demons—infuriate devils; some with fire-brands in their hands, others with their guns loaded only with powder. The dreadful ceremonies were about to commence. The mocking, maddened fiends glared on their prey with savage delight; so horribly intent that they neither saw nor heard anything but their own yells and the crackling of the fierce fire, which leaped and bent forward in long, lambent tongues of flame, as if struggling to enfold their victim.

The cruel torture was just about to commence. The tomahawk throwing was over, with no other effects than some superficial gashes, from which small crimson streams of blood were trickling down the white skin. The object was to keep the tormented and anguished martyr—by means of fire-brands and charges of powder shot against his person—constantly moving in his circumscribed limits; ever treading on hot embers, or slowly scorching by fire until exhaustion and death would come to end his pangs.

Mrs. Malott had glided up rapidly and stealthily under the obscuring shadow of the huge trees around. She took in the whole sickening scene in one shuddering glance. Her entire frame trembled, and her eyes closed at the shocking spectacle. A deadly faintness came over her, and she had to grasp a tree near by to keep from falling. The sight of the poor, forlorn, bleeding sufferer went through her heart like a knife.

When her eyes opened again, she saw a ferocious savage leap forward with a great bound and apply the fire-brand. At the same moment the crack of a rifle filled her ears. It was only a charge of powder that was emitted, but this she did not then know. She saw only a weak, emaciated, tottering victim, baited and tormented, who was to be sacrificed by the most fiendish atrocities.

The tender, overwrought woman uttered a shrill, piercing shriek, and rushed forward towards the ring. Wildly catching an Indian with either hand and thrusting him aside, she rapidly glided up to the prisoner, saying, "Poor wretch, I *will* save your life if it cost my own," and unconsciously, as it were, commenced untying the thong which bound him to the sapling.

The Hermit, whose spirit already seemed far absent from his mere shell of a body, and who stood dejected with dreamy eyes cast down, had aroused himself somewhat at the woman's shrill scream, and at the compassionate English words that followed. He raised his bleeding head. His eyes looked full into her's. She stood stunned, transfixed, cold and dead as a marble statue. Then with a shriek so shrill, so piercing, so almost inhuman that it even thrilled every savage there to his very marrow, she threw her arms about the Hermit's neck, sobbing out convulsively, "Oh, Joseph! Joseph! my poor, suffering, long-lost husband! Have I found you at last! Saved! saved! saved! Thank God!"

That yearning, passionate voice would have even rung "through the mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain." The head of the dying Hermit came up with a sudden start at these strange words. He seemed to be gathering up his dazed and wandering senses; his eyes shone again with an unnatural lustre; his body trembled like an aspen from head to foot. Just then Mrs. Malott caught his face between both her hands to look again. Eyes met eyes. A gleam of intelligence, like that which comes to a dying man just ere the immortal spirit takes its flight forever, leaped into those sad, sunken orbs, and with a great sob he slowly uttered:

"Great God! Catharine, my dear wife, and is it you. I thought you dead."

His head fell, his eyes closed, his body relaxed. He was in a dead faint.

"Oh, my God! my God! what have I done," cried the poor wife, wringing both her hands. "Oh, I have killed him! killed my husband! Quick! quick! cut his bonds!" and Mrs. Malott glared around at the close-crowding circle of astounded savages. Seeing a knife in Capt. Pipe's girdle, she rushed forward and snatched it, rapidly cut the thongs;

caught her husband's body in her encircling arms, and sank down with it to the ground.

Reader, all this singular scene took place much quicker than you can read it. At the woman's first shriek and interruption of their cruel tortures, the redskins were stunned—fairly petrified at her boldness. The strange spectacle which followed was so startling and unexpected that they could only gather close around with bewildered faces and bated breaths.

When the relation between the prisoner and his deliverer was announced, they were still more dumbfounded. It was only when the Hermit fell dead, as they supposed, that their senses seemed to come back. They then began to murmur and complain bitterly that they had been so cheated of their victim. The more cruel and ferocious of them even looked threateningly at the cause of all this disturbance. What mattered it to them if the hated and hunted foe of their tribes was Mrs. Malott's long-lost husband! So much the worse for her!

The poor wife, as she sat by the Hermit's side, kissing his cold brow, chafing his thin hands and nursing his head in her lap, could not help but see the sullen, lowering, vindictive faces pressing so closely about her, nor help but hear the low utterances of baffled rage and threats of vengeance. She whispered to Pipe: "Send for Girty!—quick! quick!" but Girty was now on hand. He had heard Mrs. Malott's strange cries, and felt sure the savages had fallen upon her. His heart was filled with rage—his mouth with maledictions. Thrusting knife and pistols in his belt, and seizing his trusty rifle, he had made his way as quickly as the ground and his wounds would permit. He pushed his way into the circle, and stood breathless with amazement at the strange scene which greeted his eyes. What could it all mean!

Soon as Mrs. Malott caught sight of his square, powerful frame, with head all bruised and bandaged up, she cried "Oh, Girty, Girty, come quick! Who'd have thought it! That poor, wild, ghost of a creature that you thought not worth saving, has turned out my long-lost husband, and"—sinking her voice still lower as he came up—"Kate Malott's own father!"

"What's that!" gasped out the Renegade, with a wild, blank stare of amazement in his face. "Your—husband—and—Kate's—father! Pooh! pooh! woman! you're mad—mad as a March hare—as crazy as this poor devil! How's this! is he dead?"

"No, thank God, he's warm and breathing yet! Oh, Girty, I can scarce understand it myself, but it's true—all true! *This is Joseph Malott!* who would have been hacked and scorched to death had not a merciful Father moved me to go to his aid."

"I can't and won't believe it!" stoutly persisted Girty. "How d'ye know it's yer husband?"

"How *does* a fond wife know her husband—the father of her children?" looking at her companion reproachfully. "I saw it in his eyes, and he knew me and called me Katharine—wife!" and the happy woman stooped to kiss once more the pale brow. "But, Girty, please look at all these scowling countenances. You're their leader, Girty; *do* speak to them and help me carry my husband out of their sight."

Girty slowly arose, as if still in a confused daze; and, with hands on his pistols, glowered around upon the menacing faces of the baffled crowd. He then changed his tactics, and commenced addressing them in a strong, earnest, impassioned manner in their own language. He told them the whole story; confirmed Mrs. Malott's statement; and ended by appealing to them to grant him the favor of the Hermit's life.

Some few were content; but the larger proportion muttered out their wrath. An angry hum arose like the buzz of a swarm of bees. The Shawnees, especially, were very bitter, and did not hesitate to threaten Girty himself, who, they boldly charged, was a traitor to their tribes and a masked friend of the 'long knives.' How else, they urged, could he have lost the late battle, and so many prisoners, and now he wanted to save a captive, whom he knew well was the deadliest and most rancorous foe that ever watched their trails. Killbuck might escape, but this despiser of scalps *should* suffer torture.

Girty winced at all this. The storm gathered on his savage face, and he was about to defy the whole of them with scorn and contempt when policy got the better of rage. He quietly sent for Wingenund, who soon came hobbling up, still ghastly and suffering from the penknife thrusts inflicted by Killbuck the night before. Girty dared not call in Black Hoof, since the Hermit, in his conflict in the cave, had been the cause of all his bruises.

Girty now retired apart with Wingenund and Pipe, and told them exactly how he was situated with reference to Mrs. Malott and her so strangely-discovered husband. He frankly admitted the Hermit's deadly depredations, but explained and excused his *role* as avenger by the mistaken belief on the Hermit's part that his wife and family had all been ruthlessly murdered by Indians. Change places and they would have done the same thing.

Whether he clinched his arguments by the offer of costly bribes to his listeners, we do not know. At any rate, they were at first mollified and then convinced, and agreed to satisfy their followers. This they soon managed to do, and Girty and Pipe were allowed to carry the still insensible Hermit down to the barken hut hastily thrown up for the two women and children.

The outlaw, with that strange inconsistency which uniformly marked his conduct, had again shown the better and tenderer part of his nature. He was very glad at the late discovery, and Mrs. Malott, too, felt grateful to him, and when the excitement was all over and his wounds compelled him to retire, the happy wife, with tears of joy in her eyes, shook him heartily by the hand, saying, "I am so thankful to you, Girty! I'm *widow* Malott no longer. God is too good to me."

"No thanks to me, ma'm; I don't deserve a hate; 'twas yer own good heart and for one, too, you didn't know. But be keerful, now, when he wakes how you tell him about the children. He's dretful weak and shaky."

As he tottered off to his lonely bed of robes, he kept muttering to himself, "Her husband! Gad, who'd a thought it! who'd a thought it!"

CHAPTER LXXVI.

A HAPPY FAMILY REUNION.

Mrs. Dorman and the children were all sound asleep. The happy wife would not wake the former, for she did not wish any to intrude on her sacred joy; she dared not wake the latter for fear the sudden shock would prove too much for her husband in his weakened state. She cast a most wistful, tearful look upon that wan, wasted face; imprinted a kiss on his cold brow; smoothed back the matted, tangled locks which hung around in disorder, and then knelt beside him and offered up a prayer of thanks and supplication.

A long sigh, followed by a muttering of the lips, warned her that the momentous time was approaching. She clasped his hands in hers and leaned over him fondly, earnestly watching every minutest sign of returning consciousness. First came another long-drawn sigh; then a flutter of the eyelids, and then a twitching of the face. At last the eyes opened, but there was no intelligence there.

"Here I am, dear Joseph; your own lost Catharine—Kate Malott."

A tremor passed over the wasted frame; a flush mounted to the cheek; again the eyes opened and gazed at her tenderly, but dreamily.

"'Tis I, Joseph, your Catharine. Merciful Father, will he never know me!"

Another sigh came from the pinched lips; the eyes closed, but a whisper was heard. The trembling woman stooped down close to listen:

"It's no fleeting dream then! Kate's not dead! Thank God! Thank God!" and the poor wife, the hot tears pouring down her cheeks, distinctly felt the answering pressure of the hand.

Blissful moment! enough to repay her for many long, dreary months—yes, whole years of misery!"

"Press this, dear husband! it will strengthen and stimulate you;" and Mrs. Malott inserted between his lips a cloth saturated in whisky which she had saved from her frugal store. The parched lips closed eagerly upon it. Again and again was this done to the manifest improvement of the sufferer.

His eyes soon opened to their full extent; the dazed expression faded away, and each breath brought strength. Another pressure of the hand, followed by a smile—yes, actually a smile, sad but distinct, and then a long, wistful look into his wife's face. "Don't speak now, dear. You'll be stronger soon."

"I'm stronger *now*, but I can't believe it yet; don't leave me, Catharine, I want to look at you."

Just then little Nellie muttered in her sleep. "What's that!" he cried, with a troubled start. "Where am I, Kate? Oh, yes! I remember the whole fearful scene!—the dance, the yells, the whizzing tomahawks, the rush forward, and then your loved voice—yes, all! all!"

Now, she proceeded to dress his wounds with the utmost care and tenderness. She then gave him to eat and drink. He felt in every way better and more comfortable. The torch of resinous wood was burning towards its end, when again was heard the muttering of Nellie in her sleep. Another start from the father.

"Is there any one within that partition, dear wife?"

"Yes, a Mrs. Dorman and—and"—should she tell him now? Was he yet strong enough to bear it? she yearned yet feared.

"It strangely reminds me of children, Kate. Oh, if we only had back our dear boys and girls, wife, we'd be too, too happy; but no!—why should I complain! Already I have been blessed far beyond my expectations, and my first wish is for more. You say you have traces of some of them?"

"I have, indeed, Joseph," and then smilingly and hesitatingly, "If I thought you were strong enough to hear good news, I could tell you more."

"I *am* strong enough, Kate; my heart is so full of joy and peace with your recovery, that more could not harm me. What is it?"

Should she do it? Yes she would risk it.

"Dear husband," she faltered out, "I have seen both our little Frankie and Nellie. They are much grown."

"Seen them!" he cried, with a quick start of surprise. "When and where, Catharine?"

Mrs. Malott bent over and kissed his brow, saying impressively: "Don't start, Joseph; they both sleep now behind yonder screen of boughs. 'Twas Nellie's voice you heard."

"Great Heavens! wife, can this be so!" and the fond father half rose on his bed of skins, bowed his head between his hands and burst into a profuse flood of tears. The wife sat still and silent, her heart so overflowing with happiness that she dared not trust herself to speak. Tears would do him greatest good. They would be a wonderful relief to his pent-up feelings—to that tense, over-charged mind, so long possessed by one consuming, soul-subduing passion. At last he ceased his tears and commenced to get on his feet.

"Kate, help me up! I must go and see my precious children."

"Indeed, husband, you *must* not; 'twould be as much as your life's worth. There! see how weak you are—Stay! I'll bring them to you, asleep as they are, and the baby first—little Dot."

She went within, laid her arms under little Nellie and carried her in. How his large, yearning hungry eyes watched their coming! How he snatched his youngest from her arms and covered its face with kisses mingled with tears! The child stirred and murmured "mamma." It was laid, sleeping, by his side. He gazed down at its fresh young face with ineffable tenderness.

"And now for Frankie," he soon said with a smile; "I want them both here, one on either side."

The fond mother was only too glad to obey. Mr. Malott—for so we must henceforth designate our Hermit—almost smothered little Frankie, too, with kisses and caresses. It was a most touching sight to see the happy parents bending over their sleeping children, smiling, hoping, comparing, commenting.

Mrs. Malott kept back the wonderful news about Kate and Girty to the next day. It was hard to refrain, but she saw signs of pain and weariness pass over her husband's face. She begged him to take some rest—she would carry the children back and arrange him for the night. No, no! they must both stay by his side, and so it was; the father finally sinking to a quiet slumber with an arm thrown around each of his children, and such a look of peace and content on his pallid, shrunken face as it had not worn for three long weary years.

The wife and mother sat quietly brooding o'er her thick-coming fancies, and forecasting the future, until her husband was in a deep, deep sleep. Arising, she then softly crept to his side, disengaged one arm and then the other, and carried the children back to their leafy bed, and resumed her watch. It was the most blissful, restful night she had ever passed. Who knoweth what a day may bring forth!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

BY SUSANNA J.

What means thy gift? I little thought
To have so fair a one from thee;
For by these flow'rs so much is taught—
Each bud is with such language fraught
As thou couldst scarcely use to me.

Or was it only that thy choice
Fell on them as a trifling thing?
Didst thou not know that Memory's voice,
Truth, Hope and Constancy rejoice
To make these flowers their offering?

Thou didst not. Take them then again;
Their fragrance hath no worth for me;
And on their beauty rests the stain
Of thine unfaith. And so, with pain
To have so fair a gift in vain,
I send thy violets back to thee.

GATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

[This serial was commenced in No. 23, Vol. 24. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXV.

GLEAMS OF LIGHT.

Feeble, careworn, dejected and miserable, Sir Walter Clendennan, with a tottering step, walked up and down his spacious library, his lips muttering prayers, and his heart full of the deepest remorse. He was surrounded with the productions of giant intellects, in every department of science and literature, and the walls of his apartment were adorned with paintings from the hands of old masters, and busts and statuettes were so disposed as to relieve the eye and add a picturesque charm to the whole. A tiny jet of water fell, in silvery beads, with a soft, musical sound, into a marble vase, and several bright gold fish disported themselves in the cool, pellucid element. On a marble table, in the centre of the apartment, lay books, drawings, music and manuscripts, overtopped by a pearl-mounted guitar, as if this were the last thing used to relieve the mind of the unhappy occupant. A velvet-covered lounge was drawn up by the table, and a hundred other things of taste and luxury met the eye. To the innocent lover of letters, the apartment would have seemed a kind of intellectual paradise; but the unfortunate owner seldom saw aught around him but the deepest shadows of gloom. Alas! what are the gorgeous externals of earth, when a dark cloud of sorrow, remorse or despair closes over the heart, and shuts out the bright sunlight of peace and joy?

"It will soon be over now, sweet spirit," muttered Sir Walter, as he stopped to gaze upon the miniature of his departed wife, which he ever carried next to his heart. "Yes, deeply-wronged angel, it will soon be over now; and then I trust to see thee in reality, as I last night saw thee in my dream. Oh, why did I doubt thy loyalty, sweet angel! and by my own rash act bring down upon my head the retributive justice of heaven, and fill with woe so many other kind and noble hearts, and send them, throbbing with anguish, down the rapid stream of time! Great God, forgive me! I am a repentant man. I have suffered the torments of hell for many long, long, weary, burdensome years, and now, oh, God! in thy holy mercy, forgive me, and let me die in the hope of a bright resurrection beyond the grave! Oh, sweet angel!" he pursued, his eyes growing dim with tears, as he gazed upon the painted ivory, set round with costly gems, "shall I meet thee where there will be no more parting, no more sorrow, no more anguish, no more pain? Dare I hope to see thee in the glorious realms of the blessed ones, clothed in a garb of such dazzling whiteness and brightness, that our brilliant noonday sun would pale beside it? Didst thou breathe such sounds of holy hope into my spiritual ear, as I last night lay in my dream?"

He sighed, and pressed his lips to the likeness, and returned it to its place beside his heart, and resumed his walk to and fro.

"Ah, little wanderer!" he said, at length, "sweet little pilgrim! from whose pure, innocent face, my sad heart caught a ray of sunlight, art thou in heaven, too? and shall I ever behold thee again? Strange! strange! how like was she to him who fell by my hand! And Rosalind, good, sweet Rosalind," he continued, "thou wilt soon have no unhappy father to vex and weary thee! How have I abused thy gentle affection! My heart bleeds to think of it! Oh, I am a wretch, a very wretch, and deserve not mercy. Thou'wilt grieve when I am gone, sweet Rosalind, notwithstanding I have been so cold and harsh to thee. But it is thy pure, unselfish, loving nature that will cause thee to grieve; not my remembered kindness, for I have been cold and harsh to thee, sweet daughter! And what will become of thee when I am gone? For my sake thou hast buried thyself in seclusion, and hast made few friends—and among those friends, how few are friends indeed! There is one," he mused, "who, if I have read his noble heart aright, feels more than friendship for thee; and if, as I believe, thou art blessed with the love of one such heart as his, thou needst not mourn the loss of thy unhappy father!"

As he ended his soliloquy, his long, thin fingers nervously closed upon a silver-tasseled bell-cord, and he wrung for a servant. In a few moments the door of the library was softly opened, and the face of Kitty timidly appeared to his view.

"Where is Rosalind?" inquired the knight.

"In the drawing-room, sir."

"Is she alone?"

"No, sir," hesitated Kitty; "at least, I think not, sir."

"Who is with her?"

"Why, sir, if anybody, I think, perhaps, it is—it is——"

Kitty paused, afraid to mention the name that was already upon her lips, for, knowing the peculiarities of the unhappy baronet, she was fearful of encountering a sudden storm of passion.

"Well, speak out," said Sir Walter, gently; "I will not be angry, Kitty."

"Thank you, sir," returned Kitty, brightening. "I think it is young Dr. Stanhope, sir."

"Ha!" returned the knight, with a slight start, while a bright gleam of joy passed over his pale, haggard features. "Bid them both come here at once—both, Kitty—mind, both."

"I will, sir," said Kitty, bounding lightly away, and wondering to herself what could have caused so favorable a change in one who, if kind at heart, was generally harsh in speech.

The dream of the lovers was broken by the somewhat abrupt entrance of the domestic, who hurriedly delivered her master's message.

"Both, Kitty?" exclaimed Rosalind, starting up and changing color. "Are you sure he said both?"

"Yes, Miss Rosa. He asked who was here, and I was obliged to tell him, you know. And then he charged me to tell you both to come to him at once."

Rosalind looked at the young doctor, and said, with some embarrassment:

"I fear we shall meet with censure; but, oh, Newton, should he be harsh in speech, I pray you be kind in your answers, and remember not his words against him."

"When the heart is full of joy, as mine is now, dear Rosalind," returned the other, in a low tone, "the lips cannot speak unkindly. I will bear with him, and strive to be as gentle in my replies as your own sweet self."

Kitty smiled to herself as she withdrew, but said nothing; and the lovers, with anxious hearts, immediately repaired to the library. Sir Walter was seated on their entrance, but feebly rose, extended his arms, and said, in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"Rosalind, my sweet child, come here."

With a cry of joy, Rosalind threw herself into the arms of her father, clasped her own around his neck, and burst into tears, and amid choking sighs and sobs, she faintly murmured:

"Oh, father, dear, dear father, you make me so happy!"

"Heaven bless you, my sweet child!" returned the knight, hastily brushing the gathering mist from his eyes, and struggling to keep down his rising emotions; "when so little can make you happy, I cannot but think what a selfish wretch I have been, to let you be miserable for so long a time."

"Do not say thus, dear father," cried Rosalind, starting back, and looking fondly and anxiously upon his pale, careworn features; "do not reflect upon yourself, dear father, or I shall be more unhappy than ever."

"Well, well," rejoined Sir Walter, "I will say nothing to make you unhappy now, dear child. I have been an erring man all my life; but if repentance—deep, sincere, heartfelt repentance—can atone for the wrong done, I hope to be forgiven at last. Dr. Stanhope," he continued, turning to the young physician, and extending his hand, which was cordially taken, "I owe you an apology, sir, for many harsh words, spoken in moments of severe bodily pain and mental anguish. Have I your forgiveness?"

"As I hope to be forgiven myself, kind sir, you have," returned Stanhope, deeply affected by the whole scene.

"Thank you—thank you, my young friend. You have a noble heart. Come! I pray you both be seated. I have a few words to say to you. Here! sit here—there—so!"

And Sir Walter himself sunk down on the lounge by the table, with his anxious listeners facing him, and rested his forehead on his hand.

He paused for a few moments, with his eyes cast down seemingly in deep reflection, and then raising his head and turning to the young physician, he said:

"Dr. Stanhope, do I count too much upon you in supposing you the sincere friend of Rosalind?"

"No, Mr. Clendennan," replied the young man, coloring deeply, glancing at Rosalind, and seeming not a little agitated; "and with your kind permission, dear sir, I trust I may one day be something more to her than a mere friend."

"Ha! is it so?" returned Sir Walter, looking from one to the other. "It is, then, as I would have it; and having no longer need of mortal life, I may go quietly to rest."

"Father!" exclaimed Rosalind.

"Start not, sweet child, and look not so grieved," pursued the baronet. "Remember, I have long wished to die, to escape my mortal wretchedness; and now I desire it more than ever, for a bright hope has sprung up in my breast that I shall meet your angel mother in a better world. Rosalind, I saw her last night."

"Saw her, father?" cried Rosalind, with a start.

"Yes, dear child, in a dream, but still a dream so like reality that it seemed not a dream. She talked to me long, and bade me rejoice; told me my prayers had been heard; that my trials would soon be over, and that my weary spirit would soon be free to roam with her the celestial regions of Paradise, where day is eternal and sorrow unknown. Oh, she looked so bright, so beautiful, and happy, and spoke so rapturously of her immortal home, of its golden lights, its balmy airs, its silver streams, its deep green shades, its clustering flowers, its thousand scenes of music, beauty, love, that my imprisoned spirit strove to burst its bars of clay and follow her to Heaven! Was this a mere dream? Once I might have thought so, but now, by the fond bright hope I have within me, I cannot think it all a dream."

"I fear it was not all a dream, dear father," said Rosalind, solemnly. "It seems rather like one of those visions which the spirit sometimes has on the verge of the eternal world."

"So let me hope—God grant it true!" rejoined the knight, with deep feeling. "And I have begun to set my house in order for my last journey," he continued; "and ere I go forth, never to return, I would know how I leave you, my daughter. Speak freely, both, and frankly. Is it settled that you are to be united?"

"Such is my brightest hope, dear sir," responded Stanhope.

"'Tis frankly said, and pardon a father for adding, you will never regret your choice. Yet there is one thing," he pursued, after a brief pause, looking steadily at Rosalind, while a deep shade of gloom gradually settled on his features. "Does he know all, my child?"

Rosalind blanched, and trembled, and gasped for breath.

"No, dear father," she made out to articulate; "I had forgotten—I did not think—I——"

"She is falling," cried the knight.

Stanhope sprung from his seat, and caught her in his arms, and it was several minutes before she sufficiently recovered to dispense with his assistance, and then upon her pale, sad, lovely features rested an expression of painful, hopeless anguish.

"*Oh, omnibus modis miser sum!*" groaned Sir Walter, wringing his hands. "See, my friend, what it is to be guilty of a crime. See how retribution reaches us, even through those we love."

"What do you mean, Mr. Clendennan?" inquired the young doctor, with a look of startled surprise.

"It is painful to tell you," answered the baronet, with a gloomy brow and quivering lip; "but, under the circumstances, I feel you have a right to know. Rosalind, my dear child, had you not better retire, while I communicate this terrible secret?"

"No, dear father, no; I would remain," she feebly replied, burying her face in her handkerchief, while Stanhope looked from one to the other in amazement.

"Be it so, then," said the knight, averting his face from the inquiring glance of his wondering guest.

A few moments of breathless silence ensued, during which Sir Walter seemed struggling to fortify his mind for the painful disclosure. Then, in an unsteady voice, he resumed:

"Dr. Stanhope, I am about to tell you a tale that has not passed my lips for years; I am about to mention names that have long been forbidden to my ears; in short, I am about to make a confession that may cause you to shrink from me with abhorrence; but in mercy, I pray you, bring not my own guilty acts to bear upon that gentle being by your side, who is as pure as truth, and as innocent of the wrong as the angels in Heaven!"

"Be your deeds what they may, Mr. Clendennan, no wrong that you have done shall weigh against the love I bear your noble daughter," said Stanhope, with a kind of proud enthusiasm.

"God bless you for those words!" exclaimed Sir Walter.

"Look up, sweet Rosalind, be not cast down," whispered the lover, throwing an arm around her slender and graceful form. "Remember, dearest," he continued, "we are pledged to each other for weal or for woe."

She trembled and wept, but did not reply, and the knight continued:

"In the first place, it is proper I should inform you, of what probably you are ignorant that I am of noble birth, and still hold the title of baronet."

Stanhope gave a start of surprise.

"But I am no better for that," pursued the wretched man, "and have long since cast aside the hollow honor. In this glorious land of freedom you may thank your God, every honest man is noble, and needs no long descent from a blood-stained favorite of some grasping, semi-barbarous monarch, to give him equal rank among the proudest of those who rule the State and govern one of the mightiest nations of earth. No man, sir, is the better for a title, and since I came to this country, I have disused mine. By his heart and his intellect should every man be known and judged, and not by that which comes from an ancestor, however worthy that ancestor may have been. It was wise in the framers of your constitution, aiming as they did at liberty and equal rights, to sweep away the worthless though gilded fabric which supports monarchy, namely, hollow titles and hereditary possessions. It belongs to the march of progress for every man to regard every man as his equal, and no man as his superior; and it is this true principle, instilled into the youth of this country, which makes each generation a generation of freemen, and worthy successors of those who have passed away, and it is this proud feeling of independence and equal rights, united with a general education of the masses, which will perpetuate the liberties of this mighty country, till thrones, monarchs, and titles shall be known as things which were, and as belonging to an age of comparative barbarism and physical rule. Sir! America has the proud distinction of giving to the world the first *true* liberty which mankind has ever enjoyed, and the time is coming—I may not live to see it, nor you—but the time is surely coming, when she will give benign laws to the down-trodden of the old world, as she now gives hope, and when to say, 'I am an American,' will be a greater honor than to say, 'I am an emperor.'"

The knight paused, and for a moment a kind of enthusiastic glow rested on his care-worn, haggard features, but this was quickly succeeded by a shade of gloom, and he added, in an altered tone:

"Ah me! I have digressed, and must return to a painful subject."

He then went on to detail to the young physician those terrible events, already known to the reader, which had so embittered the closing years of his life, and which were now, through deep, unceasing remorse, dragging him down, step by step, to the cold and silent tomb. Stanhope listened, with painful interest, without interruption or reply, till Sir Walter had concluded his sad tale. Once, when the knight first mentioned the name of Norbury, he gave a start of surprise, and his lips parted as if about to speak; but he bethought himself in the same instant, and made no remark.

"And now, sir, that you know my secret," said the baronet, in conclusion; "now that you know, from my own lips, what a wretch I have been and am; now that you know the source of my misery, and the unhappiness of my sweet daughter, who has, may Heaven bless her! ever clung to me with the most unselfish affection, and striven to lift the desolation from my guilt-burdened soul; now that you know all, what say you now? Are your feelings still unchanged toward my gentle Rosalind?"

"No, dear sir," replied Newton, with a manly glow, as he turned to the trembling Rosalind, and gently took her hand, "my feelings are not unchanged, for now do I love her more than ever, and it shall be the study of my life, not only to made her happy, but, if possible, to cause her to forget she has ever known sorrow."

"God bless you!" returned the knight, with a moist eye and quivering lip, and he turned aside his face, to conceal his emotion.

At this moment, pale with excitement, Mrs. Wyndham burst into the room.

"At last," she cried, "we have a clue to the robbery!"

And to the utter astonishment of all, she displayed the missing necklace of Rosalind.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BEGINNING OF THE END.

With an exclamation of surprise, both Newton and Rosalind started to their feet; while Sir Walter, convulsively clutching the jewels which Mrs. Wyndham extended to him, exclaimed:

"Speak! explain!"

"I found this in the box of a Jew pedlar, who was showing his wares to the servants," replied the governess.

"Bring him here! bring him here!" cried the Knight, fairly breathless with excitement.

"Quick! quick! show him to me!" exclaimed Stanhope.

"This way, then!" rejoined the Governess; and she darted from the room followed by the excited lover.

In a few minutes, Dr. Stanhope returned, fairly dragging into the library the terrified peddler. He was a small man, about thirty years of age, with black eyes, hair, and beard, and a very dark complexion. He hastily glanced at the Knight, Rosalind, Mrs. Wyndham, and Stanhope, and then at the servants, who now filled the doorway, and an expression of cowardly despair settled upon his features, as one who felt convinced that his last hour had come.

"Speak, Jew!" said the Baronet, holding up the necklace—"where got you this?"

"I puyed it—so helps me Fader Abr'ams!" answered the pedlar.

"Who sold it to you?" demanded the Knight.

"Vell, it vash a mans—so helps me Moses!"

"Are you sure you did not *steal* it?" cried Stanhope.

"Yaas—I knows I paid monish for it."

"Let me explain!" said Sir Walter, who saw how frightened the peddler really was, and thought he might the sooner arrive at the truth, by letting the Jew know what had occurred, and what was really required of him. "A few weeks ago," he went on, "my house was robbed in the night, of valuable articles, of which this is one; and a little girl, living with us at the time, was taken away, and has never since been heard of. We fear she has been murdered, and we are anxious to trace out the burglar and homicide. If you bought this, as you say, you must tell of whom you purchased it, or we shall be compelled to place you in the hand of the police."

"I ish innocents as de pabes as vash never porns!" replied the Jew.

"Well, speak!" cried Stanhope, impatiently; "and to the point! Do you know where you got that necklace?"

"Yaas—I knows the maus himshelf—he ish a constaples."

"Who is he? where is he? can you show him to me?" demanded Stanhope.

"Yaas—you comes mit me, and I shows him."

"Quick, then—let us begone!" rejoined the young physician.

"Take the carriage, Doctor," cried the Knight—"and let not the Jew escape! Quick, John, (to the coachman, who was standing at the door,) put to the horses! And, Stanhope, drive first to a magistrate's, and get out a warrant, and take along an officer, for the apprehension of the guilty party. Oh!" he continued, rising in great excitement—"at last we may unravel this awful mystery! I would willingly give half my fortune to see that child returned!"

"If in human power, and Ellen Norbury lives, you shall see her restored to you!" cried Stanhope.

"Who? who did you say?" fairly shrieked Sir Walter.

"I mean little Ellen," he hastened to reply, first turning pale with alarm, and then flushing with confusion.

"But you said Ellen Norbury, sir!" cried the Baronet, catching hold of his daughter, to support his tottering frame, and looking wildly from one to another of those present. "Did he not? did he not? did he not?" he hastily demanded, appealing to each in turn.

"Pray, dear father, be calm!" said Rosalind, gently.

"I was thinking of Norbury, sir!" rejoined Stanhope—"for you had yourself so recently mentioned the name."

"Don't try to deceive me, sir!" cried the Baronet, almost wild with excitement. "And you are trying to do so now, sir! I can see it in your tell-tale face. Speak! is her last name Newbury?"

Newton glanced despairingly at Rosalind, who hastened to answer:

"Dear, dear father, be calm; try and be composed, and I will answer."

"Well then—well then—speak!"

"Her last name is Norbury."

"The daughter of William?"

"Yes, dear father."

"The niece of the murdered James!" shrieked the Knight. "Oh! great God! how wonderful are thy mysterious workings! Ah! I saw it, but did not know it—I felt it, but did not know it;" and staggering back he sunk down on the lounge, and groaned. "Why did you not tell me this when she was with us?" he asked, after a short but painful silence.

"Because I was afraid it would be too great a shock for you, dear father!" answered Rosalind; "and you know you had forbidden the mention of the name of Norbury in your hearing."

"I am to blame for all this!" said Stanhope, with deep self-reproach.

"No, sir!" returned the Baronet, quickly; "the blame is not with you, but with me—the crime was not with you, but with me. Rosalind, do you think I did anything to drive her away from me?"

"No, dear father—no—I know you did not."

"Oh, God! restore her to me!" he ejaculated; "and let me make some atonement to the living for the wrongs done to the dead! Go, Newton Stanhope, and spare neither time nor money, to clear up this terrible mystery! Here, take the necklace—it may be of service. If she be among the living, and you bring her not, then never hope to look upon my face again."

And as Stanhope hurried from the library, with the peddler, the Knight added, in a feeble tone:

"This is a strange secret I have learned, and it affects me much, Rosalind. I feel very weak. Help me to my bed."

Rosalind, with a sad heart—for she trembled at the probable result of so severe a shock to her father's nervous system—assisted him into an adjoining room; and the moment he touched the bed, he said:

"Now go, my daughter—I would be alone till Dr. Stanhope returns."

"But, dear father, you are far from well," replied Rosalind; "will you not permit me to visit you, every hour, to learn how you feel?"

"Yes, Rosalind, to please you, I will."

"Thank you, dear, dear father!" returned the noble daughter; and throwing her arms around his neck, she kissed him and retired.

"Heaven bless her!" murmured the Knight, as she disappeared.

Dr. Stanhope paced the court impatiently, till the carriage was ready; when he hurried the peddler into it, and sprung in after him. The driver now received his instructions, and drove with all speed to the office of a magistrate, where Newton lodged his complaint, and, on the affidavit of the Jew, got a warrant issued for the apprehension of Patrick Cafferty. An officer to serve it was readily procured, and the parties were rapidly driven to the residence of the guilty constable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KATE'S EXPLOIT.

BY A. GOULD PENN.

Kate Hartly had the name of being the wildest girl in Spring Creek. Yet Kate was loved and respected by everybody who knew her, for which fact there were many reasons in explanation. Her beauty was a powerful ally, and her father's wealth was calculated to command respect, but her true kindness of heart was what offset her hoydenish disposition.

Yes, Kate was called wild. She could outride half the young men in the neighborhood; could bring in more game with her fowling piece; and at pistol practice she was a rival with experts.

Farmer Hartly lived in a plain, unpretentious house just outside the village of Spring Creek, and Kate was his only child, her mother having died when she was quite young. Aunt Milly had been a mother to her, but could not curb the wild, exuberant spirits; and even her course of education at the academy had not entirely obliterated the hoydenish disposition. That Kate should return after graduation dressed in the latest style, and with all the polish of a refined lady, was only to be expected, for her father had not stinted her for money. But, though a belle exteriorly, she was the same dashing Kate of old, and took naturally to her old ways.

Thus matters stood, when, one day, Farmer Hartley announced at the breakfast table that he had taken a boarder for the summer.

"A boarder?" asked Aunt Milly, in astonishment.

"A boarder!" echoed Kate.

"Yas, a boarder," affirmed the old man. "You see, I couldn't well help it, nohow. When I was down to the city last week to sell my grain, Mister Bell he asked me if I couldn't take his boy to board this summer, as how his health was poor, studyin' so hard at college. So, as Mister Bell is a good friend, an' has always been kinder good to me, I couldn't refuse, you see, an' he's comin' to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" echoed both ladies.

"Yas, to-morrow. Ate you both crazy? What's the fuss? Can't you, between you, take keer of a little boy for a few months? I don't see nothin' so horrifyin' in that."

"Just think—a horrid boy!" said Aunt Milly, after her brother had left the house.

"Never mind, Aunt Milly," said Kate, "I will take charge of him, and I will run him around until the bloom comes back to his cheek. I need more exercise myself, and this will be a splendid opportunity to take it."

The next day a forerunner, in the shape of a large trunk and several smaller boxes, arrived at the farmhouse, and amid much wondering they were conveyed to the south room, which Kate had duly fixed up for the expected boarder.

Soon the boy came, in the shape of a tall, handsome young man, who introduced himself to Aunt Milly as Roy Bell, for Kate had fled at his approach.

Aunt Milly's eyes opened wider than ever, but she managed to collect her scattered wits and show Roy to his chamber.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Kate, as she and Aunt Milly held a council in the kitchen. "What a fine specimen I have to exercise my training powers on—a boy, indeed. Ha! ha!"

But there was no escaping Roy Bell. He made himself thoroughly at home in a short time. He won Aunt Milly's profoundest respect by learned dissertations on the best methods of canning fruit, and helped her to gather and prepare the same; he talked agriculture to Farmer Hartly, and learnedly discussed of fertilizers and breeds of cattle; and with Kate he talked of the latest novels, challenged her to shoot at a mark, rode the wildest horses, and roamed the fields for flowers.

There could be but one result. Kate looked upon him as her ideal, and he, in turn, was fairly captivated by her winsome manners.

Thus the summer days went past, and the pale cheek of Roy Bell assumed a brown hue, and the delicate appetite disappeared as well as the student manner, and one could easily have mistaken him for a farmer to the manor born.

One morning in September, Aunt Milly departed to a distant neighbor's to spend the day. Farmer Hartly entered the house hurriedly and addressed Kate, who had charge of the kitchen:

"Kate, here is a roll of bills that count about a thousand dollars, which I received for grain this morning. I want you to lay it away carefully, as I must go out into the timber to work, and to-morrow I will go to town and bank it."

So her father departed, and left Kate the sole occupant of the farmhouse, as Roy had gone off for a day's shooting. With cheery song Kate performed her household duties, and, late in the afternoon sat down in the family room to sew.

The doors and windows were open to admit the balmy air, and engaged with her needle and her own thoughts, she became oblivious to all else. A step on the porch aroused her, and, glancing up, a stranger stood in the door. There was that in his appearance that caused her heart to leap in her throat for a moment, and she gazed, unable to speak a word. The stranger wore a slouched hat nearly concealing his features, and had a dark, forbidding look.

Suddenly a pistol flashed in his hand, and he spoke:

"Don't be afraid, young woman. I shall not harm you if you do as I bid you, and that quickly. I want that roll of money your father has in the house. If you scream or raise any alarm I shall kill you."

Kate arose to her feet mechanically, trembling in every limb, her eye fastened upon the threatening figure before her. But at length, with a strong effort of her brave will, she conquered her trepidation and began to think. Kate's was a mind that could think rapidly and clearly on occasions demanding promptness. She would affect her fright and gain time if she could; her father or Roy might come to her relief, and at last she spoke, falteringly—

"Don't—I will get it for you; the money is in this room—come."

And, followed by the cautious villain, she entered the chamber adjoining the room they were in, while the robber stationed himself at the door and glanced warily around, as if fearing a surprise in the rear.

Kate went to the old bureau and opened a drawer, at the same instant casting a glance at the man, who had lowered his pistol and was standing uneasily in the door. For a second he looked behind him, and in that second Kate raised her favorite revolver, and covered his breast. Her nerves were like iron now, and her clear brown eye glittered with the fire of a tiger's, as it met the surprised look of the robber as he turned.

"Not a motion, or you are a dead man," she said firmly. The audacious villain saw he was caught; he read death in the clear eye that held him spell bound, and he dared not move a muscle.

How long this terrible tableau might have lasted it would be impossible to say; but steps in the yard greeted the ears of Kate like sounds of joy, and struck upon the ear of her captive with echoes of dread. A nervous twitching indicated that some bold design was in his mind, and it did not escape the eyes of the brave girl who still stood like a statue before him.

"Drop that pistol," she demanded in a deep, clear tone. The robber hesitated, but the gleam of that fearful weapon decided him, and mechanically he obeyed.

The footsteps in his rear approached still nearer. It was Roy returning from his hunt, and at a glance the tableau before him was revealed, as he could see Kate and the man plainly. Like a thought his own fowling-piece was leveled at the villain's head, and he called to Kate—

"I have got him under my shot-gun, Kate; you can lower your pistol and go call some assistance."

Accordingly the programme was so changed, and while Kate disappeared through the open window, the robber found himself confronted by a man fully his equal physically, and as to arms he was far superior.

A look of dogged resignation now came over his face, and he stood looking into the muzzle of Roy's gun scarcely daring to breath. Minutes seemed hours to the two men thus strangely confronted, and it was a relief when heavy steps approaching indicated that Kate had secured assistance."

And so it proved. She had met her father, fortunately, on his return to the house, and here her fortitude gave way, and amid hysterical tears and sobs she hurriedly told her story.

The two men secured the villain, and bound him beyond the possibility of doing harm. To their questioning he returned sullen answers or none at all; but Farmer Hartly learned that this man had seen him receive the money, and had watched him to see what disposition had been made of it. He had calculated on an easy victory over a lone woman, but had been unexpectedly foiled by her coolness.

The robber was duly conveyed to Spring Creek, and placed in charge of the proper authorities.

"Roy—Mr. Bell, to you I owe much in this affair," said Farmer Hartly, when the matter had been duly disposed; "to your timely arrival and prompt action I owe everything, and Katie—" here the old man gave out.

"No, no, Mr. Hartly. I deserve no thanks; I would gladly have sacrificed even life had it been necessary."

And to Katie, when alone with her, he said:

"You are a brave girl, Kate; your father may well be proud of such a daughter, and I—I am proud of you, too. I love you, Kate, and have long loved you, but feared you cared nothing for me. Tell me you do—tell me you are mine, Kate."

And what could Kate do? She had captured the robber, and had also captured Roy Bell; and in turn she gave herself up to him a willing captive.

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He that considers how little he dwells upon the condition of others will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himself. The utmost which he can reasonably hope or fear is to fill a vacant hour with prattle and be forgotten.

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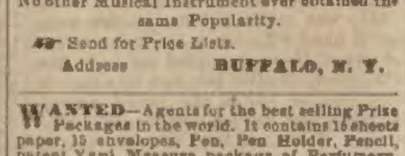

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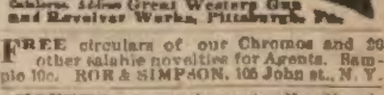

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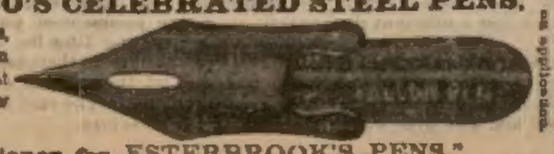

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TRY THEM!

The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

Novelties in color and combinations still continue to appear, but styles seem for the most part unchanged. Among the imported suits which we have seen recently are two, so suitable for the promenade, as well as house wear, that we think they will commend themselves to our readers.

One was of striped limousine, ecru ground, and brown stripes; the stripes an inch wide.

The underskirt was of brown silk, of the same shade as the stripe in the limousine, trimmed with three bias flounces of the limousine, put on with little fulness, and headed with a bias of silk, a distance of four inches between the flounces.

The overdress of the limousine was square, and edged with a bias of the silk, three inches deep. The back of the overskirt consisted of two long square scarfs of the limousine, edged around the bottom and up the sides with the same bias of silk. These scarfs were gracefully draped to form a bouffant, and the apron front was tied back under them.

The corsage was a sleeveless basque of the limousine, cut double-breasted, with collar and revers lined with brown silk. The bottom edged with a bias of silk, similar to that upon the overskirt. The sleeves were of the brown silk, puffed longitudinally, and finished with a deep square cuff. Round pockets of the silk were placed on each side of the apron front overskirt.

A brown silk hat, intended to be worn with this suit, had a coronet front, with a face trimming of red rosebuds and priest clusters, two ostrich tips, of an ecru shade, and long streamers of brown and ecru faille at the back.

The other suit was of dark blue Sicilienne.

The underskirt had a deep flounce, very deep simply gathered on, and headed by a standing ruffle. This flounce was trimmed with rows of black faille, cut bias, and quite narrow, first seven rows, then five, then three; the effect was very striking and elegant. The deep, square apron was edged with a bias of the Sicilienne, piped with the faille. The back was draped with a succession of black faille loops, a double row, and the apron overdress well drawn back under them.

The basque was a simple cuirass, trimmed around the edge with three rows of the faille biases, similar to those upon the deep flounce. The sleeve plain and tight fitting, with a frill puff below the shoulder. A Byron collar, of black faille, laid in close pleats, finished the neck.

Some very handsome costumes, in black or gray taffeta, are shown, combined with soft damask-figured silk.

The underskirt is of the taffeta, sometimes made long, and entirely without ornament; and again very elaborately trimmed.

One of deep French gray was very charming.

The underskirt was trimmed with a deep flounce, which had two rows of fine knife-blade pleating upon it—above this flounce on the back width was a deep shirring, headed by two ruffles, both upright.

The overdress was a deep, square apron of the damask-figured silk, trimmed with a deep crimped tape fringe. Long sash ends were gracefully looped and draped at the back.

The basque was sleeveless, and of simple design, being short in the back, long on the hips and in front. The sleeves were of the plain taffeta, and were formed of bias pieces of the silk, horizontally laid on, and alternated with fine shirrings.

Very pretty black grenadine suits are shown, some plain ground, others striped with thick silk lines or velvet.

A very pretty way of making them is as follows:

One deep flounce, or two narrow ones, alternated with puffs, on the lower skirt; a shirred apron overdress, edged all around the bottom; and sides with deep crimped tape fringe. A wide breadth or two scarfs of black taffeta silk, draped at the back to form a bouffant. A sleeveless jacket of grenadine, alternated with stripe of yak lace heavily beaded. The sleeves for the waist of grenadine, in puffs going round the arm, alternated with puffs of taffeta silk.

Other grenadine suits are made of plain and striped grenadine, and are very prettily combined by flouncing the plain with the striped, or else shirring the plain upon the striped materials.

Cambric dresses are shown in colors that resemble gingham checks and plaids. Pompadour colors are often combined in these suits, but we should not advise our readers to adopt such for the promenade.

We are glad to note the continued popularity of pongee dresses—buff, ecru and brown.

We must not omit to mention that broad Panama hats will be worn at the seaside and in the country, trimmed with velvet, and quaint clasps or buckles of silver, carved in antique designs.

A pretty suit for a little boy of four or six years of age was shown us, of gray poplin. It was cut Gabrielle, and buttoned down the entire length of the front with two rows of smoked-pearl buttons. Large pointed revers turned back from the side seams, and were fastened down by buttons similar to those upon the front. A sash of bright crimson silk was fastened under the collar at the back of the neck, laid in flat plaits, and carried down the middle of the back to the waist, where it was confined by a tab of the poplin, pointed at each end, and confined with two buttons; from thence it fell in two loops and ends. Square pockets, and cuffs fastened with buttons, finished the paletot, which was also piped around the edge with a cord of gray silk.

A hat of gray chip, trimmed with a gray plume, and loops of silk.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The fashionable trimming of the season is crimped tape, and a ruche called "Marabout," resembling feathers, but made of tape and sewing silk.

A great fancy has arisen among the French ladies for embroidered chair-covers. Every chair has a different design and shape.

The high Madras colors imported by some houses are not generally popular.

Long scarfs of China crape will be worn loosely crossed and tied over bust.

The Spanish mantles of figured lace, worn as scarfs last summer, will again be popular, but more tastefully disposed.

Some of the new suits will have tiny silk buttons dotted over them.

Ecru lace cores for parasols are in vogue.

Black faille boots are considered *en regle* for carriage wear.

It is said that the odd fashion of trimming parasols around the edge with lace or fringe is to be revived.

Sicilienne is very fashionable for mantles and dolmans. A stylish one of gray is trimmed with a border of gray feather tips closely curled.

Onyx jewelry is again very fashionable.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

KATE E.—We can procure the chips you desire, but think if you can afford the difference you will find the real chip preferable.

MRS. M. L.—Get a soft white chip for your little girl, with a high crown, and trim with apple blossoms and a white damask silk scarf.

A. R. B.—The hair you speak of will cost you from five to six dollars if you wish the curls to be made of even moderately long hair. You can get what are known as woven curls, made of short hair, curled so as to appear like long hair, when smooth, at a less price, but we cannot recommend them. They appear stiff and unnatural.

MISS ELLA SHOCK.—We would advise you to make your black grenadine dress with a deep flounce on the lower skirt, on which place two very narrow rows of knife-blade pleating, finely crimped. Make the overdress a deep shirred apron, with two narrow ruffles down the middle, and trim with crimped tape fringe. Make the corsage a plain cuirass basque, with puffed sleeves. You must have a silk petticoat to wear with the suit, or else flounce your grenadine or hernani upon a black silk skirt, and trim only the back widths of it; the overdress will cover the rest. Make your buff lawn with kilt plaitings on the lower skirt, headed by a puff and ruffle; trim with knife-blade pleatings or gathered ruffles. Make a half-tight-fitting sacque, shorter at the sides and back than in front, or else shorter in the back only. Make the white bishop's lawn for a girl of thirteen with two flounces on the front and side widths, and three on the back. Have a shirred apron overskirt, with a frill around it three inches deep. Box plaited waist, with the ends of the skirt scallopped and bound. NIXON.

ROYALTY ON THE RAILWAY.

The royal train to convey her Majesty and suite between Windsor and Ballater, from the exceptional nature of the regulations for its passage, must be considered as affording the nearest approach to perfection in railway traveling that has yet been arrived at. The train is fitted throughout with continuous brakes, with an electrical communication between the compartments of each saloon and carriage and the guards, and with a communication between the guards and the driver. A pilot engine is run fifteen minutes in advance of the train throughout the entire journey, and, in order to guard against any obstruction or interference with the safe passage of the train, no engine (except the pilot) or any train or vehicle is allowed to proceed upon or cross the main line and stations during an interval of at least thirty minutes before the time at which the royal train is appointed to pass, all shunting operations on the adjoining lines being suspended during the same period; while, after the royal train has passed, no engine or train is permitted to leave a station or siding upon the same line for at least fifteen minutes. In addition to these regulations, no light engines or trains, except passenger trains, are allowed to travel between any two stations on the opposite line of rails to that on which the royal train is running from the time the pilot is due until the royal train has passed. The precaution is also taken of specially guarding every level crossing, farm crossing and station, to prevent trespassers, and of securely bolting all facing points over which the pilot and royal train have to travel. Platelayers are also posted along the line to prevent the possibility of any impediment at the occupation road crossings. The average speed of the train is thirty-six miles an hour, excluding stoppages.

ECONOMY IN LABOR.

How often do we hear people say that a moment spent in doing nothing is an eternal loss. This, in reality, is only partly true. Idleness is sinful, and it is also a foe to health and happiness; but too much work is equally as bad, if not worse. The body and the mind are made to endure only a certain amount of labor, and after that is performed they need rest.

We once heard of a man who carried a book in his pocket in order that he might not lose a moment of time. He died early. We know many women who, after a hard day's work, will sew for hours at night. They think that every moment lost from work is idleness. The result is, that they suffer severely with pains in the shoulders and back; their sleep is unsatisfactory and unrefreshing, and their health gives way slowly, without their knowing the cause of it.

Now we think that the man or woman who is constantly at work, either with the mind or the hand, is engaged in a course of slow suicide. The true plan is to allot a certain reasonable number of hours to work, and in this period to work faithfully and with energy. The remainder of the day should be devoted to rest, or to such light employment as will not cause bodily or mental fatigue. No one can safely venture to overwork himself or herself. The body and mind will stand only a certain quantity of exertion. Then it demands repose or recreation, and, if refused will surely inflict a deserved punishment upon the guilty party.

A few hours each day devoted to steady, systematic labor, will accomplish in the end much more than days of overwork. For every hour over the requisite amount, nature will at least deduct one from the next day. One has really no idea how much can be accomplished by a few hours of systematic labor, until the trial is made.

ACTION PRESERVES HEALTH.—You see men of the most delicate frames engaged in active professional pursuits, who literally have no time for illness. Let them become idle; let them take care of themselves; let them think of their health, and they die. The rust rots the steel which use preserves.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT, MA'AM!

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

I.

They say the men are faithless all,
And never will prove true, dear,
But of all in all, both great and small,
I'll never forget you, dear.
For 'tis you that took the boighth of care
To keep my memory true, dear;
My memory's not very good
But I'll never forget you, dear.
Oh, Kitty, dear, you need not fear
That I will e'er forget you,
I remember all your kindherness
From the hour that first I met you.

II.

'Twas at the fair your coaxin' air
First made me be your suithor.
Where I spent my wealth to dhrink your health,
And tossed the costly pewther;
A lock o' your hair you promised me—
With joy my heart was big, ma'am,
But in the bottom o' the quart
I found the fiddler's wig, ma'am.
Oh, indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit
You'll wheedle me now with your chat, ma'am;
My memory's not very good,
But I'll never forget that, ma'am.

III.

When you bid me step up to the house,
To spake to your mother and father,
And said, of all the boys you knew,
"Twas myself that you would rather;
"Won't you take a sate," says you, "my dear?"
With a most seducin' air, ma'am,
But, oh, what a thunderin' lump of a pin
You stuck in the sate of the chair, ma'am!
Indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit
You'll wheedle me now with your chat, ma'am;
My memory's not very good,
But I'll never forget that, ma'am.

IV.

When I said 'twas you could raise the flame
My love, you did but mock it,
For didn't you put a coal o' fire
Into my new coat pocket?
And when I blazed, 'twas you did shout
With laughter, to be sure, ma'am:
"Oh," says you, "my dear, I'll put you out,"
But, faix, 'twas out of the door, ma'am.
Indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit
You'll wheedle me now with your chat, ma'am,
My memory's not very good,
But I'll never forget that, ma'am.

V.

Then didn't I see black Darby Keogh
To the little back window pass, ma'am?
His ugly face he there did squeeze
Till he flattened his nose on the glass, ma'am.
Then the rash was riz—I heer'd it squeel—
There was nothing then between you;
Faith I know how he flattened his nose after that!
Tho' you thought there was nobody seen you.
Oh, indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit
You'll wheedle me now with your chat, ma'am;
My memory's not very good,
But I'll never forget that ma'am!

NIAGARA'S TEMPTATION.

THE SUICIDES OF THE GREAT WATER-FALL.

The sombre aspects of Niagara charm all young and sentimental hearts, a tender and romantic melancholy being the chosen property of youth. Niagara is the pilgrimage of love, as Stratford-on-Avon is the pilgrimage of genius, Mount Vernon the pilgrimage of patriotism, and Santiago the pilgrimage of superstition. At Niagara the happy lovers breathe their vows and pledge their troth, invoking the lonely woods, the lashing waters and rising clouds of spray, as witnesses of their burning love and steadfast truth. At Niagara hapless swains and maidens, crossed in their affections, blighted in their prospects, wander by the isles and banks for one last hour of bliss, and then, with arms entwined and hearts inseparable go headlong over. Not long ago a young man came across from the American side accompanied by a pretty girl and by a little child. He hired a boat not far above the rapids, put the lady and the child into the stern, and throwing his oars into the boat, pushed off into the stream. An old boatman warned him to beware of going out too far. The young man smiled and nodded, but pushed straight out into the flood. At once the boatman saw that he had lost control of his little craft, and shouted to him eagerly to edge about, as he was in the rush. The rower raised an oar in answer to his cries; the shaft was snapped across—but whether done by accident or design, the old man could not say. "God help you!" sighed the boatman; in a few more moments they were gone. When friends came to see the bodies, it was found to be a case of passion and despair. Loving each other madly, they had fled from home and parents who opposed their union; they had sought Niagara, the cure of disappointed love; and in these waters they had found their everlasting rest.

From Table Rock toward Lake Ontario sweeps a chasm for many miles through which the rapids race with a velocity to make the eddies of the Danube at the Iron Gates seem tame, the whirlpools of the Neva round the rock of Schlussel common-place. This chasm is the favorite grave of hapless lovers and despairing maids. The mighty fissure has eaten it out, the teeth gnawing deeper in the rock from age to age. No man has yet surveyed this bed and told us how far down into the earth those volumes of descending water plunge. You dare not push your boat into the foam. But on the outer edge of these great circles you may drop your line, a hundred feet, two hundred feet, and find no bottom. Many persons dive into the deep, but never rise again to tell the tale. Their dive is taken once for all. The bodies of the dead are rarely found. Some months ago a lady came alone to a hotel on the American side—a pretty woman, young and well attired, who gave her name as the wife of a Chicago merchant. For a day or two she roamed about the falls, the cataracts and the river banks. No one noticed her, for pretty women are seen at every turn, and at Niagara every one roams about the falls, the cataracts, and the river. In the evening of the third day she was missing at her hotel. A guide had seen a woman fling herself from the bridge on one of the sister isles, but whether she was drowned or not he could not say. A telegram was sent to Chicago; and by noon of the second day a man arrived who said he was the lady's husband. The guide could not assure him that the lady missing from the hotel was the woman he had seen spring from the bridge. He had never noticed her before. The lady from Chicago might have simply crossed the bridge. When high rewards were offered for the body, men who knew every stone and gully in the ravine as they knew the logs and ladders of their own shanties, searched every crevice in the rocks, but not a trace of her could be found, and the disconsolate widower had to leave Niagara without securing legal evidence that his wife was dead.

Too often, it is thought, the motive of suicide is little more than the weird and solemn tempting of the fall itself. A lady came one day to Clifton from a town on Lake Ontario, accompanied by her mother and her child. She stood on Table Rock, listened to the boom, admired the buffaloes and fed the bears like other idlers on the spot, and seemed as her child, to whom these sights and sounds were new. As they were looking at a shop window, she turned towards the water, gazed at the falling sheet an instant, slipped away from her companion, ran to the water's edge at Cedar place, and sprang into the flood. A cry of help was raised. Some guides were near at hand with ropes and other gear, and one of them, grappled safely by the waist, plunged after her, and by a daring effort, caught her as she rolled among the rocks, and carried her back to land unhurt. For some time she was speechless, but, on coming to her senses, she told her mother that her husband had been cross with her that morning, wanting her to take a holiday when she had no mind for it; that she was a little fidgety; and that on seeing the water flow so smoothly down, and looking so lovely, she saw a pleasant way to end all her worries. The water tempted her. But she was glad they had caught her in the rapids. For, from the moment she began to glide a helpless waif, the waters lost their power—the romance of her life flashed upon her brain—her husband's trust, her happy home, her parent's doting and her children's love. The heart cried out for life—for one more trial of her duty. She was saved. Next year she came to Clifton with her child to look at the ledge from which she had sprang, and thank the guards once more for having saved her life. She never spoke of the affair again, but every summer she returns to Niagara, and those who know her notice that she lingers for a moment at the ledge, absorbed and grave, as though her heart was beating with an inarticulate prayer.

Another case of suicide, attempted by a female under nervous irritation, was less fortunate. A woman, living on the spot, became afflicted with a malady as common and as fatal as consumption—fear of penury. That she had no good reason for this fear, her neighbors knew, but it possessed her like a secret and incurable disease. "I can't bear it," she used to say, "and some day you will see me go over the fall." Her neighbors laughed, saying people who talk of suicides are in for length of life. But one day she leaped over the rock at Cedar place. A brave young fellow named Davis saw her slip in, but was too far away to catch and draw her back. The lad was used to suicides, as every one becomes by living at the falls. He saw that she would pitch against the ravine wall, some ten or twelve feet under the rock on which he stood. Peering over the bank, he saw a little shelf of earth just broad enough for a man to light on, and no more. He scrambled down a moment ere the woman came rolling on, put out his hand toward her, caught her shawl and tore it from her body as she floated down, and started in horror as the woolen rag hung dangling in his grasp. The suicide had kept her promise, and escaped from her imaginary poverty into eternal sleep.

DELIBERATE workers are those who accomplish the most work in a given time, and are less tired at the end of the day than many who have not accomplished half as much; the hurried worker has often to do his work twice over, and even then it is seldom done in the best manner, either as to neatness or as to durability. It is the deliberate and measured expenditure of strength which invigorates the constitution and builds up the health.

Correspondents' Bureau

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☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

STUDENT.—Dr. Dunglison's Medical Dictionary will, we think, answer your purpose fully. You can get it through any bookseller in your neighborhood.

F. J. M. (Hollidaysburg, Pa.)—The book most suitable for a present to a young lady is beyond all doubt a copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for one year. It is a whole library in itself.

DORA.—The very best thing we know of for the teeth is common salt. 2. If you want the gentleman to call upon you, and you wish to tell him so, there is but one way of doing so that we can suggest, and that is in plain English. 3. Questions are answered in this department in about three weeks' time.

MARK.—The United States Naval Asylum is situated upon the Schuylkill, at Gray's Ferry, near Philadelphia, and is surrounded by twenty-five acres of land. It consists of three structures, the main building being three stories high, and three hundred and eighty feet front. The establishment is furnished with everything necessary for the comfort of the inmates.

H. W. N.—"The Seven Churches of Asia" mentioned in the chapter of the New Testament you refer to were Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia and Laodicea. Of these, two, Smyrna and Pergamos (now called Bergamo), are important commercial cities at this day; the remaining five are either miserable villages or utterly in ruins.

QUAKER CITY.—In 1835, a part of the Reading Railroad, to connect Philadelphia with the Schuylkill coal region, was put under contract, and in 1842 the first train passed over the whole line between Pottsville and Philadelphia. 2. In 1837 the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad was completed. 3. In 1847 the Pennsylvania Railroad, to connect Philadelphia with the Ohio River, was commenced, and finally completed in 1854.

SOPHOMORE.—The first established college in the United States was at Cambridge, Mass., in 1638, endowed by John Howard, and bearing his name. The second was "William and Mary," at Williamsburg, in Virginia, in 1693. The third was Yale, at New Haven, in 1700. Fourth, College of New Jersey, at Princeton, N. J., in 1746. Fifth, King's (now Columbia), New York, 1754. Sixth, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, 1758. Seventh, Brown University, Providence, 1764. Eighth, Dartmouth, at Hanover, N. H., 1769. Ninth, Rutger's, New Brunswick, N. J., 1770.

NEMO.—The whole of the quotation—which, by the by, you gave incorrectly—is from Shakspeare's "Macbeth," Act V, Section 5, and is as follows:

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

M. A. F.—It would be an exceedingly difficult matter for us to tell you exactly what are the connections by family ties between all the different royal families in Europe. In the next generation nearly all of them will be connected one with the other. The future King of England will have a sister Empress of Germany; the Queen of England will have a sister Empress of Russia, and a brother King of Greece; an English princess will have her brother the Emperor of Russia. These are the nearest relations; but if we include cousins, uncles, nephews and other relatives "in law," we should find very few thrones isolated. Austria, Italy, Bavaria, Prussia, Russia and Saxony are all linked together.

A. F. W. (Riverside, N. J.)—When a gentleman is introduced to a lady, it is not his place to hold out his hand. If the lady does so, it is all right; but shaking hands at an introduction is not, we believe, considered at all necessary. But in this, as in most other little points of etiquette, custom is the best arbiter. Do as you see others do—even should you happen to be in Timbuctoo, where, we are told, upon introduction, the parties rub their noses together. You would have to submit your nasal organ to the required friction. We merely make this illustration, rather far fetched, to be sure, just to remark, in conclusion, that the custom of the place you are in is the best etiquette you can follow.

HOPE AND TRUST.—A capital motto which we hope you will bear always in mind. In such a large city as the one from which your letter is dated, lovers should be plentiful, and why you should be so unfortunate as to be without one, is more than we can comprehend. Perhaps you are too severe, and keep them at too great a distance; or you may be the very reverse, and may have frightened them off by being too eager and forward in your behavior to them. The proper course lies between these two. In baiting for husbands, the rod should be flexible, the line almost if not altogether invisible, but the bait quietly tempting. It requires patience; but don't forget the motto you have adopted as your signature, and, also, that you have plenty of time before you.

H. P. T. (Cornwall, N. Y.)—You surely do not suppose that we can be responsible for or guarantee all the advertisements that appear in our columns? How in the world can you expect us to know the character of our advertisers, and the value of the articles they wish to dispose of? If we were to spend our time in the investigation of such matters, we should have very little left to devote to our proper business. All we can do is to exclude anything palpably a fraud. We use every reasonable means in our power to ascertain the reliability and honesty of our advertisers, and leave the rest to the discrimination and good sense of our readers to determine between the genuine and the merely specious. If our readers would only bear one truth in mind, they would not be likely to be taken in by any of the latter kind—and that is, that they must not expect to get something for nothing.

READER OF HISTORY.—"Please tell me what was the origin of the name Plantagenet, the name of one of the royal families of England?" The family name of Plantagenet was derived from a plant, and that, too, so humble a one as the broom. This well-known plant (genista scoparia), with its bright yellow blossoms hung like chains upon its branches, was formerly called planta genista, and from hence was derived the word Plantagenet. The tradition is, that Geffrei, Duke of Anjou, the husband of Matilda (the haughty Empress of Germany), and father of Henry the Second, was in the habit of wearing a sprig of the broom in his cap, or, as the old writer quaintly expresses it, "he wore commonly a broome-stalke in his bonnet." Doubtless he had lain himself down among the fragrant blossoms upon the day of battle, and having been struck by its beauty, had placed a sprig of its bright blossoms in his helmet, believing, possibly, that in its lovely flowers there might lurk some hidden charm, which would aid him in the trying hour of the contest. He transmitted the name of Plantagenet to his princely descendants, who all bore it from Henry, who has been called the first royal sprig of Genista, down to Richard the Third, the last scion of the plant of Anjou.

J. C. J.—The Russian bath consists of perspiration, friction, and successive ablutions in hot and cold water. The poorest of all, however, adopt a simpler method. They remain in the bathing-room only till they are in a profuse perspiration, when they run out and throw themselves—perhaps through a crust of ice—into the nearest stream or pond, thus exposing themselves to the extremes of temperature. Among the Russians in Siberia the bath is especially in use as a means of driving off the effects of a violent cold, and preventing fever. In Lapland vapor baths are much used. The bather is placed on an elevated platform, and vapor produced by throwing water on heated stones beneath, after which the bather is well whipped with twigs by female attendants. Modern nations have not generally adopted the use of the bath; yet it is less neglected now than formerly, and public baths are formed in most European cities and towns.

MEERSCHAUM.—"How are meerschaum pipes made, what are they made of, and how can you tell real meerschaum pipes from false ones?" The clay of which they are made is procured chiefly in Asia Minor, but also in Spain, Greece, and Moravia. The manufacture of pipes from the clay is carried on with especial care at Vienna and Pesth. The meerschaum is soaked in a liquefied composition of wax, oil and fat, the absorption of which occasions the colors assumed by the pipe after smoking. Occasionally the bowls are artificially stained by dipping them in a solution of copperas and other substances before the application of the wax composition; also the parings are employed in making the cheaper kind of meerschaum bowls. The parings are ground to a fine powder, boiled in water, and moulded into blocks, with or without the addition of clay. The blocks are allowed to dry, and then a pipe bowl is fashioned from each. These bowls are distinguished from the real meerschaum chiefly by being rather heavier.

CURIOUS.—"Please inform me who wrote the lines, 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear?'" There has been considerable literary interest to ascertain the authorship of these lines, and we are not sure that the question is yet satisfactorily settled. Ruthven Jenkyns is said to have written the following in 1703, and to have published the same in the Greenwich Magazine:

Sweetheart, good-bye! the flattering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee;
And soon before the fav'ring gale,
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year,
But unforgotten every charm—
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sweetheart, good-bye! one last embrace!
O, cruel fate, true souls to sever!
Yet, in this heart's most sacred place,
Thou, thou alone shall dwell forever!
And still shall recollection trace
In Fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear upon that face—
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

UNHAPPY.—We have carefully thought over the contents of your letter, and have come to the conclusion that you yourself are to blame for much, if not all the trouble you are in. We will allow that husbands and lovers, too, are often jealous without cause, for we know that it is so. But when you knew that your husband was so constituted as to be easily jealous, you should have always borne that fact in mind, and have avoided any behaviour or language that was in the least equivocal. Suppose he had some sore place about him sensitive to every touch, would you not take a little care to avoid touching it carelessly and rudely? Just so it should be with that sorest and most sensitive of all places, a jealous heart. Why should you torment a man who loves you, merely from caprice, or to show your power? Jealousy is a weakness, we grant it—but have you yourself no weaknesses? Are you not easily flattered, easily made vain, easily set a-flirting? We are not certain but these are meaner things, after all, than jealousy, which is, at least, the weakness generally of a deep and strong character.

PROBABILITIES.—The amount of rainfall of any particular place is obtained by means of an instrument called a rain-gauge or pluviameter. This is made in different shapes, but the essential parts are as follows: A vessel with vertical walls is so arranged that the actual surface receiving the fall of rain shall be equal to that of the base of the instrument. To prevent evaporation, a funnel-shaped cover is placed over the top, furnished with an opening for the admission of the rain. This gauge is placed with the top of the funnel-shaped collector a foot above the surface of the ground, firmly fixed in a vertical position. It is examined daily, the amount of water it contains carefully measured with a graduated rod, emptied, and again fixed in place. 2. In Philadelphia the average annual rainfall for a number of years has been forty-seven inches, and at St. Louis, Mo., thirty-two inches. 3. The heaviest rainfall in the United States is sixty-five inches; viz., in Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana; and the lowest is only five inches, in the great interior plateau east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. 4. The greatest rainfall in the world is at a place called Cherra Poonjee, in the East Indies, where it reaches the enormous annual depth of six hundred and ten inches, or more than *fifty feet*, and what is more wonderful is, that most of it is discharged during four consecutive months of the year.

G. E. W.—The following are some of the forest trees "most useful in the arts, manufactures and medicines," natives of Pennsylvania, the names of which you have asked us to give you. We are sorry that our space will not allow of us, however, giving you much more than merely their names. There are twelve varieties of Oaks, of which the White Oak is the most esteemed. The others are the Black Oak, the Spanish, the Rock Chestnut, Scarlet, Red, Iron, Swamp White, Swamp Chestnut, Laurel or Shingle, Scrub and Pin Oaks. Of Walnuts, there are two principal kinds, the Black and White, the former used for cabinet work, and the latter in medicine and for dyeing. Hickory—the most common species are the White Heart, Pig Nut, Bitter Nut, Shellbark, and Thick Shellbark, widely valued for axletrees, handles, flails, etc., etc., and as a fuel. Maple—the Red Maple is the most common. There are also the Curled Maple, the Sugar Maple, Black Sugar, Striped and Ash-leaved or Box Elder Maples. Dogwood is a valuable tree, the wood being used for tool handles, etc., and the inner bark in medicine. Poplar or Tulip Tree is very common in the State. Its wood is used for trunks, chairs, etc., and the bark is said to possess tonic qualities. White and Red Birch, and Black or Sweet Birch, are also indigenous in Philadelphia. Of other woods remarkable for their durability, we have the Locust, the Red Mulberry and the Red Cedar, the latter exceedingly durable, and highly esteemed for making fence posts.

R. G. (Camden).—It is impossible to answer your question with any degree of certainty, as it is at present beyond all human knowledge. The exact composition of the sun is not yet known; by some it is supposed to be a vast body of fire, and, if so, cannot possibly contain any inhabitants. The moon is said to possess no atmosphere, and if that is the case, no living being could exist there. With respect to the stars, they are so far away that no instrument is yet invented that could discover so small an object as a living being on the surface of the nearest. Sir John Herschel's opinion of the fixed stars, round which so many others revolve, is so natural, that we think it the most probable solution of the question—that the fixed stars are suns similar to the one that belongs to our system, and that the stars revolving round them are worlds peopled by beings of some kind. That there are many worlds in creation is by no means an irrational idea; indeed, we conceive that to deny it is to exhibit an amount of doubt as to the power of the Creator of all. It is said that even Copernicus believed in a plurality of worlds; and St. Blandaville, in 1594, asks the following pertinent question: "How prove you that there is but one world?" And Sir Isaac Newton said that he took "all the planets to be composed of the same matter with the earth, viz., earth, water and stone, but variously connected." Sir David Brewster propounds a curious idea with reference to the planets, in which he expresses an opinion that they are intended as the future residences of the human race. He speaks of the number of persons who must have existed on the earth from its creation, and says: "If there be not room, then, on our earth for the millions of millions of beings who have lived and died upon its surface, and who may yet live and die during the period fixed for its occupation by man, we can scarcely doubt that their future abode must be on some of the primary or secondary planets of the solar system, whose inhabitants have ceased to exist like those upon the earth, or upon planets in our own or in other systems, which have been in a state of preparation, as our earth was, for the advent of intellectual life."

MISCELLANEOUS.—P. W.—We regret we cannot assist you in the way you suggest. Our staff is completely filled at present. F. B.—June 20th, 1848, fell upon Monday. ANXIOUS.—Explain your case to a medical man, and be guided by his advice. Probably you sit too much, which would produce the pain you mention. S. G.—You will have to wait for your "whiskers" until you are three or four years older, and in the meantime you might improve yourself in your spelling. MAY T.—We have no doubt that you have plenty of talent, but it evidently does not lay in poetical composition. Poetry is a gift with some people, but it is an acquirement with others, only brought about by patient and thoughtful practice. ELISEO PONRO (New York).—We cannot say which is the best, nor can we reply by mail. F. N. J.—We know of nothing that will restore the polish. S. E. M.—We make no charge for any service we are able to render our correspondents. DAVID.—The handwriting is very good, though rather too much ornamented.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*